The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

The Week.

"Campaigning *in forma pauperis*" certainly describes this year's activity of the two Congressional Committees. Chairman Sherman announces with some pride that his one dollar subscriptions have reached "four figures." That is, they must total something like half as much as the single check which the Equitable gave Mr. Babcock two years ago. "We are poor," now rises the voice of Chairman Griggs, "and we cannot afford to chase rainbows." Therefore, if any district is hopeless, it is the duty of good Democrats to tell him so frankly. More modest in its requirements than even the Republicans, his Committee asks the faithful for the present to expend only the price of a two-cent stamp. We offer our sincere sympathy to the manufacturers of banners and torches and regalia. Their occupation's gone, indeed. But the fear that really haunts us in this crisis is that the Populists or the Prohibitionists who are not manifesting any scruples against taking all they can get, and presumably have as big funds as ever, may come forward suddenly, out-bid the poverty-stricken Democrats and Republicans, and run off with the election.

Gov. Higgins's statement of his reasons for refusing to remove Fiscal Supervisor Bender for violating the civil-service laws is queer reading. The tail of it eats up the head. It would almost seem that the Governor asked his legal advisers for two opinions about Bender: one completely exculpating him; the other condemning him roundly; and that then Mr. Higgins used parts of both. His decision begins by declaring that there was really no evidence against Bender, and that it is doubtful, anyhow, if the Legislature had power to pass so stringent an act against gifts to the party campaign fund by State officials; and winds up by showing how "detrimental to the service" is such "a disregard of the spirit of the civil-service law" as "this investigation has disclosed in this office"—that is, in Bender's. But the Governor declines to remove him, though the investigation was by a Republican Board of Civil Service Commissioners, who strongly urged Mr. Higgins to serve notice upon the politicians that this kind of defiance of law must cease. The notice which he has served upon them, however, is that if they make themselves a useful part of the Governor's machine, they have nothing to fear. It seems probable now that Bender has all along had a promise of immunity from Mr. Higgins. The latter's action completes the display of a character which is the less admired the more it is understood.

A possible explanation of the almost complete failure of the New Hampshire press even to mention Winston Churchill's candidacy for the Governorship is his declaration, in a speech at Conway the other night, that seventy out of seventy-five newspapers in the State are subsidized by the Boston and Maine Railroad. To an audience made up in almost equal parts of "rusticators" and natives, he discoursed on the iniquities of the railroad lobby. He confessed that when he first entered the Legislature, he had confused the lobby and the Republican party of New Hampshire, and that even after enlightenment he had an idea that reform might be effected from the inside without unnecessary publicity. Then, in words that might have fallen from the lips of his own prototype in "Coniston," he declared: "You cannot expect a railroad which is reaping a large annual profit and gaining many inestimable advantages by governing a State to cease governing that State merely because a band of misguided idealists were foolish enough to sign the Declaration of Independence away back in 1776." The presiding officer at the Conway gathering thought it necessary to put an end to one misconception which he feared might be prevalent. A man he had talked with, he said, refused to support Churchill, on the ground that he was "a foreigner, and only a short time ago had been prominent in the British Parliament."

Resumption of dividends on the common stock of the Steel Corporation is a matter of wide interest. That company's dividend policy has from the start been subject to keen discussion. The promoters fixed for the common stock a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent., and announced it from the first as "regular." This they did in spite of the protest of practically all unbiassed critics and accountants that the company needed a larger working balance and very much larger allowance for depreciation, before attempting to pay out anything on this inflated stock. Some of the company's own officers endeavored to word the dividend announcement so as not to commit the company to continuous payment; but they were overruled; the controlling powers announced a "regular quarterly dividend." Hardly two years passed before a moderate trade reaction so far cut into earnings that these common stock dividends had to be hurriedly dropped. The accumulated surplus, which had reached $99,809,000 in September, 1903, fell to $61,794,000 in the ensuing March. But the lesson was not lost. The managers have paid no common stock dividends since that month. They have made much more liberal appropriations for depreciation. But continuance of large profits has now moved the management to resume the common stock dividends, though at only one-half the rate fixed in June, 1901. Under the circumstances, there is an excuse for the action which did not exist five years ago. We think that the management might better have merely announced "a dividend" than have declared "one-half of 1 per cent. for the March quarter and the same for the June quarter"; first, because retroactive measures of this sort are needless and confusing, and, second, because it looks like evasion of the fact that, in reality, the June quarter's entire surplus earnings are used to pay this dividend. Inasmuch as the total surplus, reported by the company itself for December 31, 1905, was less by $15,000,000 than in September, 1903, there will be some people to argue that the common stock dividend ought to have been at least deferred until the surplus was brought to its former maximum.

Mr. Root's address at the Pan-American conference is a timely and most welcome footnote to the Monroe Doctrine. The history of American diplomacy, to be sure, abounds in altruistic expressions for the republics to the south of us, but, in view of what followed the war with Spain, and, more especially, of the seizure of the "canal strip," an explicit statement of our attitude towards these sister nations is by no means superfluous. Mr. Root's assurances on this point are admirable, both in substance and in manner. "We wish for no victories except those of peace," he said. "We wish for no territory except our own, and no sovereignty except over ourselves." These words must have been eminently satisfactory to all delegations save the Colombian, and, indeed, waiving by-gones, it is difficult to see how Mr. Root could have acquitted himself of a somewhat difficult task with greater tact and frankness. The note of condescension, which is most trying to races representing an older civilization than our own, was entirely absent. It is the hope that Mr. Root will labor actively to bring about closer and better relations with the other American republics which gives his words significance. He is a man who pays with his person, and it may be

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assumed that his service to the cause of conciliation is not comprised in a single speech. In a large measure, he holds the situation in his own hands, and already has done much to allay distrust of the United States. Unhappily, the most durable sort of alliances—favorable trade treaties—are prevented by the policy of the party in power. Here, too, Mr. Root must have the courage of his idealism, and accept the ungrateful task of educating Congress to rational ideas of foreign trade. His elevated words will find a favorable echo from Patagonia to the Rio Grande; but they will fail of practical effect here unless some intelligent attempt is made to put the United States, not on such a commercial basis as England enjoys in South America—that is too much to hope—but at least on so tolerable a footing as a protective nation like Germany has made for herself.

On Monday at Charlotte, North Carolina, three negroes, whose trial for murder was already under way, were taken from the jail and lynched, in spite of the appeals of the Mayor, the Judge who was trying the cases, the city solicitor, and United States Senator Overman. The local militiamen, ordered out promptly, but thoughtfully supplied with only blank cartridges, were spectators at this outrage. The State of North Carolina seems to be rapidly earning for itself the unenviable distinction of being a centre for the most violent anti-negro feeling of the South. The recent action of its Republican State Convention advocating the further extension of the "grandfather clause" suffrage discrimination goes beyond any previous declaration of the kind in the South. As we have pointed out before this, the permanent retention of this method of letting the illiterate white man vote while excluding the illiterate negro destroys the only plausible excuse ever offered for the Southern Constitutions, namely, that after the expiration of the "temporary plans" they would impose the same tests for the suffrage on both races. As to this, some letters recently written by North Carolina Democrats are, to say the least, illuminating. Such is a letter in the Atlanta *Constitution* over the signature of J. R. Keen:

> The negroes are wide awake to the situation, and are doing all in their power to educate themselves and their children, while the whites continue that indifference to education that has always characterized them. I last month listed the taxes of this township and nearly one-third of the men that listed could not make their "X."

Anthony Comstock and his Society have done such a world of good in suppressing the viler sort of pictures and printed matter that it is a pity he should, from time to time, discredit his work by unintelligent activity beyond his province. This time he has seized an issue of the *American Student of Art*, a monthly magazine issued in the interest of the Art Students' League of this city. The offence was merely the reproduction of a number of "academies," or drawings from the nude figure. This is commonly done by other art schools that maintain a journal. The circulation of such periodicals is practically limited to art students and those concerned with their instruction. In an individual case, a wrong use might conceivably be made of these nudities, but to pounce upon such publications is, as a teacher at our League justly remarked, as absurd as to hale the publishers of Gray's "Anatomy" to court for intentional pornography. All this is Greek to Mr. Comstock, but it is not Greek to some of the directors of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who owe it to themselves and their work to restrain his more questionable vagaries.

There is a good custom in Boston by which no wealthy citizen may die in peace unless Harvard College and the Art Museum are mentioned in his will. The number of small bequests is considerable, and, being usually unrestricted, these minor gifts are a peculiarly available resource. If it is too much to hope that Columbia University and the Metropolitan Museum will ever make quite the claim upon New York that the corresponding Boston institutions do upon their more homogeneous public, one must at least desire that our greatest museum and university should be more generally remembered. We are glad to note that by two wills probated last week the Metropolitan Museum receives bequests of $20,000 and $1,000. The example is worthy of imitation. If, for example, every subscriber to the Museum should, according to his ability, "remember it in his will," the actual increase in income would be considerable, while small or even nominal bequests do as much as the more conspicuous donations to set a praiseworthy fashion. It should be quite as bad form to leave a will without mention of some beneficent institution as it once was to transfer an estate unprovided with some modest "back-log" of Government bonds.

One more rich young man has been exposed at his questionable diversion of pretending to be poor and needy. This time it is the son of a Chicago banker who wants to be a missionary. In preparation for that calling, he desires to become "on intimate terms with hardship and adversity," and has taken the position of scullion at the country club of a summer resort in southern Wisconsin. He has been scrubbing and scouring and polishing the handles of the big front door there for the last month, and has enjoyed some singular experiences, as, for instance, being barred from the dining room when his family were eating at the club, and he had donned his own good clothes to partake of their hospitality. But the newspapers have discovered him. The self-abnegation of the rich man's son is under the same everlasting glare as his vices. In either case it must be an exceptional character that can develop normally under it. Given the most sincere ambition for simple and humble service, what can become of all these good intentions when the right hand can read in the papers every morning just what the left hand doeth? The poor, hunted scullion will have to drop out of sight and seek new employment, only to be exposed again and again and driven into more remote places. The hunted criminal is not more in terror of detection than the wealthy day laborer. And this, after all, is only the most insignificant side of a condition for which the sensational press is chiefly responsible. When the twelve-year-old grandson of a wealthy Chicagoan was gravely interviewed here the other day, on the questions of the hour, the pursuit of the families of the rich was seen in its silliest aspect.

The Liberal Administration lived up to the best English traditions in the proposals for the new government of the Transvaal which it laid before Parliament last week. Self-government on a fair and equitable basis it offers Englishmen and Boers alike. There are no special provisions to insure Anglo-Saxon domination, as had been expected by many. For the moment, the upper house is to consist of fifteen members appointed by the Crown; but arrangements will at once be made for an elective body instead. The guiding principle of manhood suffrage will also be embodied in the constitution for the Orange River Colony, which is in course of preparation. In short, within four years of the war, if Parliament agrees, the former Boer republics are to be as much in control of their own affairs as either Natal or Cape Colony. This plan attests both the courage and generosity of the Ministry. Mr. Balfour only echoed the words of the Jingo press in denouncing the scheme as premature and reckless. Kipling assumed, merely upon rumors of the Ministry's intention, that the Boers would be put in complete possession of their old country. The exact number of voters of British or Dutch ancestry is still in doubt, and the Ministry has had to face the possibility of Dutch control of the new lower house. This risk, if it exist, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has had to take; he has entrenched himself firmly on the democratic principle that each citizen twenty-one years of age shall have a vote in the government of the country. The

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magnanimity of this action recalling that of the North towards the South in our own country, should be a potent factor in hastening the return of peace and prosperity in a sadly harried and unhappy country.

Upon the question of servile and Chinese labor, the Government has also spoken out emphatically. At the moment of conferring power upon a majority, probably in favor of a continuance of Chinese slavery in the mines, it serves notice on all concerned that recruiting of Chinese labor must cease on November 15. More than that, the Constitution will contain a positive provision against servile labor of any kind. For this the blacks may well give thanks. It was high time for the Ministry to take this stand; in the ranks of its followers dissatisfaction with its handling of the Chinese question had long been rife. Of 50,000 coolies on the Rand, 1,311 are in prison, while lawlessness and disorder are steadily on the increase. Only the slaveholders—the mine-owners—are really satisfied with conditions as they are.

Parliament rose on Saturday, leaving the reputation of the Liberal Ministry heightened, on the whole, as a result of the labors of the session. There have been some signs of vacillation and even of disagreement in the Government, but the Prime Minister has kept a firm hand on the public business. It has moved on with great dispatch. The Cabinet has shown much more driving power than Mr. Balfour's had for the last year or two of its existence. While the routine bills have been handled skilfully, the various pronouncements upon public policy have been marked by grasp and consistency, and have been well received. The official Opposition, of course, has got up a great deal of manufactured fury, but the country has remained calm, even when Mr. Balfour was, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, tearing an artificial passion to tatters over the Education Bill. The change in Mr. Balfour is, indeed, an interesting study in psychology. Years ago, as Irish Secretary, he made his reputation as a miracle of coolness under the taunts and revilings of the Parnellites. As Prime Minister and Leader of the House, his favorite *rôle* was that of condescending daintiness, immovably amiable, indulging by preference in the superlative of under-statement. But now, in Opposition, he mounts to noble rage nearly every day, and is shrill and extravagant where he once would have been quietly sarcastic. Is this a sign of waning powers, or simply of a losing cause? Perhaps Mr. Balfour has felt it necessary to invent an impetuous anger to hurl at the robust impassiveness and downrightness of Campbell-Bannerman.

The Anglo-Indian *Pioneer* has undertaken to print the complaints of Hindus with reference to the "injustice and insolence" of the English in India. A correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt* supplies further details. Young officers are accused of being specially flagrant offenders. "In driving through the cities they ply their whips right and left, to clear the streets, without reflecting that thereby they arouse feelings which, gaining force from year to year, must end in an explosion." The educated Hindus are aggrieved because the English treat them with the same contempt as the coolies, refusing to eat or associate with them. They are becoming impatient, in proportion as they share the benefits of a European system of education, at the postponement of the day when they are to have a voice in the shaping of the country's policy. The German referred to is at a loss to understand the British attitude toward the educated Hindus. "I have become acquainted with a number of these," he writes, "whom I liked decidedly better than many an English snob or German official I have met."

M. Hertzenstein, the member of the Duma who was assassinated on August 1, had gained prominence as an authority on the land question. He had drafted a project of law for the expropriation of unimproved holdings. "That little Jew in spectacles," was the contemptuous phrase of the landlords in referring to him. He at least showed the financial and constructive talent of his race. His was the bill which the Duma would have been most disposed to enact, had not the stroke of dissolution fallen. Hertzenstein proposed that all lands not actually worked by their owners should be taken by the State "at a just price." In those words lay the rub. What was the "just price," and who was to fix it? The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* relates a conversation on this subject which he overheard between a landlord and Aladin, the peasant leader. The latter resented the charge that his party would take land without paying for it; were they robbers? Well, then, asked the landlord, "how about that property of mine in Cherson, which Catherine II. gave to my great-grandfather?" "Ah," replied Aladin, smiling, "for lands which your ancestors acquired without expense, the nation will pay nothing in resuming control of them. You will lose your property without indemnity. Justice wills it." One sees how thorny is the agrarian question in Russia.

Emperor William, in denying to a reporter of the Paris *Matin* that he is pleased at every report of scandal or disaffection in the French army, probably was thinking as much of Russia as of France. The meaning of his saying, "anti-militarism is an international pest," depends upon definition of terms; but it is certain that the spectacle of Russian autocrats doubtful of the loyalty of their own troops is one that causes uneasiness in military nations. As Anatole France has just said, "The Russian revolution is a universal revolution." Its rumblings are felt afar. Unorganized and leaderless as the present movement appears to be, with all its sporadic outbreaks, its haphazard bloodshed, and its strange lack of solidarity among the men of even a single regiment, it is of an earth-shaking sort. Doubtless Herr Bebel would say to-day with even more emphasis than he did a year ago: "The revolutionary storm which has broken out in Russia finds an echo in the heart of the German workingman." There is no present question, of course, of anything like serious disaffection in the German army. But if the report had been true that the Emperors of Austria and Germany had promised to lend the Czar troops to put down the revolutionists, there might have been a different story to tell. Happily, the report was promptly and officially denied at Berlin.

The length to which the Prussian bureaucracy will go in order to discredit the Social-Democrats, appears from a recent circular of the Prussian Minister of Education. In the event, he ruled, of any persons offering to give school children training in gymnastics free of cost, permission is to be granted if the applicant can prove his moral fitness to undertake that work. To this the Minister added: "The possession of any such moral fitness is to be denied in the case of all members of the Social-Democratic party." Naturally, the publication of this extraordinary document has called forth sarcastic comments. Writing in the Berlin *Nation*, Dr. Theodor Barth asks whether the next step should not be the "commandeering" of all children of Social-Democrats. If no one of the three millions belonging to that party is morally fit to teach gymnastics, surely not one is a proper person to instill correct ideas into the minds of growing children. Hence he sugests that the nation take and educate all children of a Social-Democratic father or mother. The Social Democracy has a larger number of voters than any other party, and, if we may judge by its success in the last three elections to the Reichstag, there is no reason to believe that its influence with the masses is waning. But, instead of coöperating with other parties in order to achieve definite reforms, or of turning for new recruits to other than the laboring classes, the Social-Democacy is wasting its time and strength in internal dissensions and theoretical discussions.

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THE "IOWA IDEA"—AND OTHERS.

The outcome of the Iowa State Convention was highly characteristic of the ways of politicians. A contest had been bitterly waged for and against a principle. After a severe and dubious struggle, the friends of the principle won, controlled the Convention, took all the offices, and, apparently, threw the principle out of the window. In other words, Gov. Cummins had been savagely fought by the stand-patters, whom he in turn had denounced and attacked, but when he had them beaten and himself safely renominated, lo! the Convention adopted a stand-pat platform, the lion and the lamb lay down together, grace, mercy, and peace were hymned by all factions, and the only wonder of the bystander is what the long and envenomed quarrel had been all about.

It has certainly been about something. The long thunder of the captains in Iowa and the shouting could not have been caused by a desire to write such stand-pat platitudes into the platform as the Convention actually adopted. The fight was personal to Gov. Cummins, and on account of his pronounced views about the need of tariff revision. It was for this reason that Secretary Shaw journeyed so frequently to Iowa to make speeches and pack caucuses against Cummins. Shaw is the pattest stander of them all. Others, like Roosevelt, may be but half-pat, standing on only one foot, like a sleepy heron, and wondering where to put down the other, but the Secretary of the Treasury is always firmly planted with both feet on a tariff which it is sacrilege to revise. He had openly and repeatedly declared, Gov. Cummins to be a heretic on the tariff—no better than a wicked Democrat—and for that reason had called upon faithful Republicans to excommunicate him. On his part, Cummins had not minced language. He had publicly and repeatedly asserted that certain tariff schedules were retained only in the interest of oppressive monopolies, and that the "robbery" committed by the Beef Trust and the Standard Oil was as nothing to the robbery of the people by a protective tariff. Yet he amiably accepted last week a platform of which the tariff plank was made of the familiar old punk-wood—duties to "secure remunerative prices," yet not to foster "domestic monopoly"; rates to be "adjusted from time to time," but only in a way to "keep the tariff in harmony with our industrial and commercial progress." We defy any Republican, not minus one or more of his senses, to repeat that ancient nonsense without laughing.

Are we to suppose, then, that Gov. Cummins is, after all, not a lion, but a sheep? Has he bartered his tariff-revision birthright for a mess of office? There will be some, doubtless, to insinuate that the Governor of Iowa was insincere throughout, or that he was perfectly willing to say, cynically, that a renomination *vaut bien une messe* in the shape of a platform written by the stand-patters. But that would be a superficial interpretation of the result. In large effect, it was a great triumph for progressive ideas about the tariff within the Republican party. A good test of this is the position in which it leaves Secretary Shaw. He was hissed to his face in the Des Moines Convention last week. Observers on the spot report him to be "broken and discouraged" by the outcome. He had certainly staked his political future on beating Cummins. Beaten by Cummins, he will not be so ardent or confident in urging his own Presidential candidacy as the blindest of all the stand-patters. This of itself is a momentous consequence of the Iowa Convention; nor can it be supposed that Gov. Cummins will be inclined to modify, much less abandon, tariff views on which he has won a great victory. Not for nothing was his wing of the party called "progressives," as against the stand-patters. He represents an element of Republicanism ready to come out of the old tariff cave, with its owls and bats, and move on to a new policy demanded by the new times. Thus in its general effect the result in Iowa cannot fail to encourage those Republicans in New England and Indiana and Minnesota—there may be at least one in Oyster Bay—who are for having their party move next against tariff monopolists and restrainers of trade.

Certainly in Massachusetts, zeal for tariff reform seems to be seizing upon the Republican party. "We are all tariff revisers now," they say. They have not forgotten Gov. Guild's letter to the President last year, stating that the Republicans would have lost the State had it not been for their promises to reform the Dingley tariff. They are redoubling those promises this year, with what credence by the people remains to be seen. But the protectionists are visibly as much shaken in Massachusetts as they are in Iowa. Their wisdom has been simply that of the stronger—

> The power is always theirs, and power is always wise—

and when once they find that the other side can carry conventions and win elections, they will discover that the time has come to improvise life-long convictions of quite another tenor.

HARVESTS AND MARKETS.

It was an English financial critic, we believe, who some years ago described the United States as "Nature's spoiled child." By this he meant that the recklessness of our financial and industrial experiments had been such as to invite the most serious penalty; yet an unexpected stroke of good fortune in American industry, or some development that could not have been confidently predicted, had counterbalanced the excesses of our promoters and speculators, averted the threatened crisis, and eventually led the way to what seemed to be a still stronger economic position.

The industrial reaction of 1903, for instance, coming when our capitalists were tied hand and foot in rash indebtedness, seemed at the time to forebode a culminating stroke at overcapitalized consolidations and amalgamations. What happened was that a cotton crop in 1904 of wholly unprecedented magnitude, with the world's cotton prices at a level fixed by three years of scarcity, followed by an equally unparalleled crop of wheat in 1905, harvested and sold under very similar conditions, so enriched our interior communities that the home market for manufactured products became larger than at any previous time; while purchases by foreign nations, forced by their own inadequate supplies to buy in unusual quantity, served to cancel an excessive floating indebtedness of our own to them.

This good fortune could not have been safely predicted by the most sagacious observer; the events on which it depended were in fact pronounced improbable, in advance, by the great body of trade experts. No one has forgotten the debate of the cotton trade in 1903, whether it was possible ever again to raise such crops even as those of half a dozen years before. The weight of opinion leaned to the conclusion that it could not be done; exhaustion of the soil and insect pests put the achievement out of the line of probability. Prediction, at that time, that a cotton crop, 20 per cent. larger than the largest ever previously harvested, would be grown within a year, would have been received with ridicule. Yet that is precisely what happened.

So, in 1904, when a wheat crop of small size and poor quality forced us to import 3,000,000 bushels from other countries, many of the highest authorities in the grain trade pointed out evidences that our capacity as a grain-growing and grain-exporting state was destined to be progressively impaired. Good wheat land could, so one of the foremost English experts argued, no longer be obtained at reasonable prices; the older cultivated area was either being invaded by towns and cities or diverted to other forms of produce; the permanent fall of the United States to a minor position among the world's wheat producers was an early probability. Nature's answer to this fairly plausible theory was an American wheat crop, the very next year, never but once exceeded in the country's history.

These facts simply go to show that those venturesome experiments in the American money markets—which depended on exactly this agricultural outcome—were not saved from wreck by

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events sagaciously foreseen. The same is true of the country's financial and industrial history of the current year. Last year ended and the present year began in the markets with a note of distinct and formidable warning. A reckless speculative undertaking, in which banks and great banking houses seemed alike to be engaged, had tied up large sums of capital at a time when it had become manifest that all available funds were needed for legitimate trade purposes. At the end of 1905, money touched 125 per cent. in Wall Street; in January, the New York bank surplus was at the lowest point, and money at the highest, reached in that month during twenty-six years. In April, when the Eastern banks ordinarily begin to strengthen their position, with a view to the later call for harvest money, bank reserves fell below the minimum fixed by the Banking Act—something which had not happened, at that time of year, since 1884. High financial experts disagreed as to the immediate cause. Mr. Schiff ascribed it to an inelastic currency; Mr. Hepburn, with whose conclusions the practical banking community seemed to be more closely in accord, placed the blame on "overtrading," absorption in land and stock speculation of capital urgently needed elsewhere. But whatever their general inferences, all financial authorities admitted that the known phenomena denoted a future full of danger.

Once more, however, Nature seems to have come to our relief. The season is nearly at hand when the country's important crops will be assured. Taking as a basis the Government's latest estimates of acreage and condition, there is promise of a wheat crop second in size only to the great yield of 1901, a corn crop fairly equalling last year's and far exceeding all others, and a cotton crop surpassed alone by the great yield of 1904. Accidents of the season are yet possible, and not all of this promise may be realized. But at the moment the situation is propitious; its importance, in offsetting the evil influences foreshadowed in the springtime, is very great. Such harvests would mean, first, continuance of high prosperity in our inland communities, and, with it, continuance of home demand on our manufacturing output; next, it would mean a full available surplus of agricultural exports, through which our market's heavy borrowings from Europe, at the time of the money disturbances of four months ago, may be paid off without serious strain.

Whether the situation is such as to admit of another plunge of our speculating bankers and capitalists is a different question. Their performances of last year were based on the theory that, with large crops of wheat and corn, and with profitable industry in progress, the use of bank reserves in wholesale speculation was entirely safe. But it was not safe then, and would not be so now. The very richness of the present harvest promise points to unprecedentedly large demands from interior markets upon the country's reserve money and on its capital. The sums tied up in real estate speculation, over the entire country, are probably much larger than a year ago. Recourse of large corporations to issue of notes because they cannot easily market their bonds, and failure of such a security as New York city 4 per cents to bring more than a trifle over par, are signs that available capital is not sufficient for both legitimate industry and inflated stock speculation. One hears the Wall Street oracle answer that we can borrow from Europe. But serious financiers are well aware that our present concern is not to increase, but to reduce as rapidly as possible, a foreign floating debt which lately reached proportions possibly never before attained.

THE RELIGION OF SUCCESS IN POLITICS.

Guglielmo Ferrero, to whose occasional writings one seldom turns without getting suggestion based on learning and reflection, has a recent article on "The Religion of Success." This is not merely a variant of "The Gospel of Success." To preach the saving grace of "doing things" and "getting there" does not take one so far as it does to accept the doctrine and make of it an absorbing and sacred conviction—a religion. Yet this, Ferrero contends, is what the modern world is doing with greater unanimity every day. In department after department—education, theology, art, journalism—the *éclat* of success is not only the sufficient answer to every objection, but the thing which we are bidden to seek and worship before all other gods.

What Ferrero points out with much acuteness is that, particularly in politics, this religion of success is the source of great difficulties. It vitiates our political judgments. It disturbs the orderly development of political ideas and movements. For the causes of success in politics are exceedingly complex. They are often wrapped up in accidents and even blunders which baffle the most trained sagacity. Yet let there be great success, or the plausible appearance of it, and we instantly take up with some single cause, some sole explanation suggested, and thereafter reckon that cause and that explanation among the political certainties. Some extraordinary happening, some brute event, turns for the time the course of political history. We see a brilliant success snatched by chance, and we say, "That is the way it ought always to be done."

Military success is less subject than political success to causes which no astuteness can foresee or impede. Yet even in it, with our tendency to reduce everything to the simplest explanation, we reason about a mere accident as if it were the essential thing. Rome beat Carthage, we say, because her government and her army were better organized. But should we have been so sure of that had we not the success before our eyes to persuade us of it? Suppose, writes Ferrero, that Hannibal had conquered, as he certainly came very near doing; would not the historians and the philosophers have shown how absurd it was to imagine that an army of which the generals were chosen by popular vote, and who were changed every few months, could cope with a force wielded under such an iron dictatorship as Hannibal's?

In politics, as we forgive everything but failure, so we pardon anything that succeeds. And we reason back from the success, of which the real causes are intricate and obscure, to some mere accompaniment, and then erect that into a canon of political activity. For concrete illustration, take the Hearst candidacy for Governor of New York. It would be as ludicrous as it is disgusting were it not that a specious argument from success can be made out in its favor. Hearst as a possible Governor would not be thought of by the wildest dreamer, or the most gullible romance-fed errand-boy, in this city, had he not run for Mayor last year and polled 200,000 votes. It is those votes which paralyze the reasoning power and dazzle the imagination, and lead even good men, not ignorant of Hearst's character and motives, to say, "Well, there must be a great moral force in him somewhere, otherwise he would not have come so near being elected." It is the religion of success at work. The actual causes of the great Hearst vote in this city were diverse and subtle. The campaign fell on a time of political upheaval. Unrest was in the air; revolt in men's hearts. Scores of thousands struck out blindly with the Hearst weapon, as they would with any club that came handy, not greatly caring that it was soiled. But we are to believe all the 200,000 devoted to municipal ownership, imposed upon by what has been aptly called the Hearst "yelling peril," taken in by his pose against the corporations; and we are gravely told that his canvass marks the beginning of an entirely new era in our politics! Yet if his vote had been but 20,000 instead of 200,000, none of these things could be true.

Those who would hold themselves steady against these insidious fallacies of political success should take a long look before and after. It is a tonic thing to remember how many great successes in their day have become the gigantic failures of history—the bursting rocket of the evening only the refuse in the

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gutter the next morning. The pro-slavery politicians were for years the most successful men going. They had every sign of popular approval—the votes, the offices, the honors, the money. But they are sunk stars. Gone, too, and despised are explosive and passionate movements that had, in their little hour, the promise of sweeping everything before them—the Grangers, the Knights of Labor, the Populists. How long will it be before Hearst and Gompers are as forgotten as Denis Kearney and Powderly? The real religion of success must be based upon real success. And to the latter, reasoned principle and stanch conviction are as essential as they ever were. All the hysterics and the shameless self-advertising cannot change that. And the worshipped *causa victrix* of today may prove to be really *victa*, when history and the sober judgment of mankind finally get at it.

RELIEF WORK AT SAN FRANCISCO

In the confusion which followed the catastrophe at San Francisco, it was not to be expected that a system of relief could be instantaneously devised and applied which would meet the demand for both speed and precision. At first, the latter consideration had to be sacrificed to the urgency of the primal wants of 100,000 men, women, and children; and in the act there was no doubt a percentage of waste. The tremendous pressure caused many small leaks. But now, three months later, it may fairly be stated that the thousands who gave to the various relief funds may rest assured that their main object was attained and that, broadly speaking, people in the stricken city have not suffered for lack of food, shelter, or clothing; that there has been no serious waste; and that, as a result of generous assistance and the faithfulness of those in charge of a bewildering and thankless task, there is now available a large sum—more than $5,000,000—for substantial and carefully constructive relief work.

Three weeks ago, the Rehabilitation Committee began giving money away with a discreet hand at the rate of about $10,000 a day. Some 2,000 families had applied for assistance up to July 27, and of these nearly 1,500 were helped to reestablish their homes or businesses with grants varying from $25 to $900. Of the first $104,249 thus disbursed, $35,000 was in unsecured loans, $600 in secured loans, and the remainder was given outright. Of the total amount accounted for in the first report on these particular operations, $45,000 was credited to "household reëstablishment" and $28,500 to "business enterprises."

Possibly, had this distribution been begun earlier, much of the somewhat bitter criticism in San Francisco of relief methods would have been forestalled, and a debate about "scientific charity" avoided. It was natural that Western and Eastern ideas should clash; but, as between the lavishness of the former and the caution of the latter, a fair middle course has been adopted. The petty depredations, always more picturesque than serious, such as the disappearance of a van-load of whiskey, or a consignment of some other relief supply, may be left to the local grand jury without further reflection than that the sneaks are always with us. Complaints of "red-tape" were inevitable, and events have shown that "red-tape" is not always an unmixed evil, especially when counterbalanced by a vigorous expression of the idea that the victims of such a disaster were not to be treated as ordinary applicants for charity. In the conditions prevailing it would have been a miracle if there had been no dissatisfied voices.

But the broad assertion that the relief funds have relieved can be made without fear of contradiction; and the tentative plans remaining are on a large scale. They include the expenditure of $100,000 for a winter pavilion for the aged destitute; $150,000 for park shelters for the homeless, also for the winter; $500,000 for outright gifts to lot-owners to help them to rebuild; $500,000 in loans for the same purpose; $2,500,000 for cottages, houses, and flats to be sold at cost for cash or on the instalment plan. As the amount to be given away in cash or loans outright is $1,500,000, the sum of $5,250,000 is thus accounted for under six specific heads alone.

Alike to the Red Cross, the army, the Relief Committee, the Rehabilitation Committee, and the Mayor's Food Committee is due praise for hard and effective work, often under most disorganizing and discouraging conditions. In the practical task of the revival of the city, the professional politician, on the other hand, is increasingly present, with his schemes of "honest graft," which may frequently be more honestly called blackmail. Something to this effect has already come over the wires: as when saloonkeepers who desire a license are prompted to buy all their glassware from one politician and all their whiskey from another. The field is wide and the genus San Francisco "grafter" is a resourceful kind of highwayman. These things, however, should not be confused with the relief work, and the thousands who have given help have apparently no cause to fear that the native plunderers have been able, or will be able, to gather up more than a few scraps from the relief-fund table. But it will be well if the San Francisco editors cease to chastise any and all who, in the cause of progress, report the capers of the goats as well as the gambollings of the sheep. The leeches should not be protected from the widest obloquy by any false conception of civic pride. Nor should the greed of the labor unions, taking advantage of San Francisco's necessity, be sparingly dealt with, any more than the kindred exactions of tariff beneficiaries.

On the part of the refugees themselves, whose numbers are daily lessening as they again become builders of a city, a prominent official observer remarks: "There has been an extraordinary amount of patience, moderation, and acceptance of incidental hardships and inconveniences." With such testimony as this regarding the spirit even of the most unfortunate of the people, there need be little fear that the still serious problems of the winter and the longer future will not be sturdily, if only gradually, surmounted.

WAVERING RUSSIAN AUTOCRATS.

The news from Russia continues grave—grave in the events occurring, more grave in the implications which lie behind. It is obvious that the rejoicing of the Government over the first comparative quiet of the country was premature. The dissolution of the Duma was accepted with a calm which Stolypin declared reassuring, but which was in reality ominous. It was inconceivable that the people who, a year ago, compelled the Czar to grant the Duma, would tamely see him withdraw what they had wrested from him. If agitation and disorder and the general strike were efficient weapons in 1905, when disaffection among the troops had not gone nearly the lengths which it has since reached, it could hardly be doubted that means of coercing the Government would be sought in 1906. Hence there should have been no surprise at the succession of protests, outbreaks, and mutinies. That they seem to have failed of their purpose, for the moment, argues no real breaking down of the national determination.

It seems evident that Stolypin's policy was impossible from the beginning. He called it "strong-handed reform." It was to be a mixture of iron repression and liberalism. Now, an amalgam of that kind might avail in certain hands, but not in those of an autocracy. A Liberal Duma, working out into self-consciousness, and struggling for the rights of the people, might make temporary compromises of that sort, and still press on towards its goal, while the people would be reasonably content. But a tyrannical Government has to do one thing or the other—give up its power, or use it ruthlessly. Both in the philosophy and in the actual grasp of the situation, Gen. Trepoff showed himself a year ago superior to Stolypin. In his secret circular to the police, he elected unhesitatingly the plan of Thorough. He said with much force, from the standpoint of an agent of autocracy and repression:

There is always a psychological moment, which, if not duly appreciated by the au-

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thorities, paralyzes their action. If the military are not called out in time or not to the right place, and if they are used hesitatingly, if a meeting is imprudently permitted, if the leaders in disorder are seized too late—all this is a proof of the weakness of the authorities, and even, at times of their complete incapacity.

We do not say that such a policy could have succeeded this year any more than last; but it was the only policy for a Czar, talking of his "Imperial will" as the sole basis of law or popular rights, to adopt. Whatever "psychological moment" existed for Stolypin, he lost in his wavering announcement that he would at once bayonet and bless the Russian people. Even the reactionaries, it now appears, will none of his two-faced policy; and another Premier must be found. Stark and unsparing repression might have for a time succeeded. Even in that case, however, the result of a Government triumph could only have been to revive Swinburne's description of Russian absolutists:

> Those that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—
> Those that reign and dare not trust one trembling hour—
> Those omnipotent whom terror curbs and drives—
> Those whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives.

That sort of terrified reigning by terror might have been for a time possible for the Czar after he had been nerved up to send away the Duma; but without the resolution to resort openly and everywhere to blood and iron, he cannot expect that he will have even a respite for any length of time.

In fact, it may not be long before the Czar's own nobles and intimates will be telling him that he confronts again the impossible conditions of last summer. They then went to him, a month before he issued his proclamation summoning the Duma, and informed him in the plainest language that he was guiding Russia towards ruin. They told him that distrust of the Government was universal, and that all its moral force had disappeared. The peasants, they declared, were taking the law into their own hands, "knowing that the authorities have neither prisons nor soldiers enough to cope with the whole population." Under such circumstances, to postpone concessions to the people was only postponing a revolution which, by the very delay, would be only intensified in its "bloody remorselessness and mad ferocity." Whether the great landlords and the nobility will have the courage again to utter these unwelcome truths to Nicholas, we do not know; but the course of events during the past few days has been thundering them in his ears.

How long shall it be before American sympathy finds an effective manner of expressing itself? There is, we believe, a committee in process of formation, and if it does nothing but voice popular sympathy, it will be of value. On the initiative of some London editors, Lord Brassey, Frederic Harrison, George Meredith, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, and many others have signed a memorial to the Duma, which reads in part as follows:

> We have learned to admire the genius of the Russian people; the heroism of its sacrifices for freedom and its sufferings in a long and painful struggle have touched the heart of every generous man. The complete triumph of liberty in Russia, to which we look forward at no distant date, will at length make it possible for the English and Russian peoples to give formal expression to the friendship already uniting them, a friendship based on community of ideals, which must help to realize the aspiration of all good Europeans for a civilization devoted to peace.

But the Russians need more than messages of sympathy. Think of the Jews. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* says that "during the past week a stream of frantic telegrams has poured unceasingly into the Jewish communities of London, Paris, Berlin, and Washington—one long-drawn, terror-stricken cry for help from five millions of men, women, and children threatened with fire, sword, and dishonor." Day by day they face the danger of massacres, instigated for no other purpose than in the vain hope of "drowning revolution in Jewish blood," as Plehve is reported to have said. If the sight of the Russian people in travail is not enough to stir Americans, then the additional horror of the Jewish situation should move every heart and also loosen purse-strings as soon as it is possible to say where funds should go to aid in the work of relief and liberation.

ATHLETICS FOR THE AGED.

With the "silly season" in England has arrived the inevitable *questionnaire*, this time on the proper ages for the various outdoor sports. Professor Allbutt of Cambridge started the discussion by declaring that no one should be permitted to play golf until thirty-five, being capable before that time of the more vigorous games. According to this view, the active age stops, in Dante's words, "midway in the path of our life." A number of prominent British athletes, whose opinions have been tabulated and averaged, took a more hopeful view. Football, to be sure, should be dropped at the mere nonage of thirty, but hockey may be played till thirty-five, cricket five years longer, while one may row and play lawn tennis till sixty. These limits, naturally, apply to amateurs, and not to professionals, who frequently continue into grandfatherhood with athletic value unimpaired.

Waiving for a moment the grievous dictum that makes the ancient game of golf merely a solace for declining physical force, it is clear that these average ages of retirement are in a manner misleading. Did not the great cricketer, W. G. Grace, celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday recently by making seventy-four runs? A few years ago, when the friends and admirers of the eminent scholar, Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, wished to signalize his seventieth birthday, they could think of no more suitable gift than a fully rigged double scull; and it is safe to say that few even of the younger subscribers could safely have engaged to pull bow to his stroke from Richmond to Teddington. Nor should we forget that other septuagenarian who not long ago beat his youthful record in walking from Philadelphia to New York. Evidently, there are some who pass these theoretical dead-lines, not only with impunity, but with positive benefit. But for the generality, the figures may afford a rough and ready guide.

Yet the question of retirement is, after all, a two-fold one. A sport, we fancy, is very rarely given up for hygienic reasons. We drop out not because the recreation has ceased to please or the exercise to benefit, but because our game begins to go off. Finding ourselves at a disadvantage with the youngsters, overhearing that we play well "for our age," we decide no longer to cumber the field. Thus, on a punctilio, many a sportsman takes really a premature farewell of his favorite pastime. We judge that the table given above is based rather on a sense of what is good for the sport than for the individual player. Fortunately, the scale admits of a gradual descent to senility by way of golf, which knows no age limit, but merely regards the grave itself as a sort of nineteenth hole. Some have said that when all else failed one might at least hold a tiller, but the case of the gentleman who was stricken last week at the wheel of a friend's yacht, hints that the cockpit is no safer than the putting green.

For golf as an old man's game, there is unquestionably much to be said. It requires that abundant leisure which in the active years demands some apology; it deals gently but firmly with those organs immediately below the diaphragm, whose torpidity is the very sign-manual of approaching eld. It may be taken up without risk by anybody who can walk two miles in one hour; and it may be relinquished without that ominous going off physically which dropping the more active games often entails. But in the case of golf, too, one must face the inexorable dilemma of what is good for the player and for the game. There is no doubt that golf is good for the old gentlemen, but how good are they for golf? In the way of suppression or manipulation of scores, they are prone to set an awful example. They are given to threesomes and to sociabilities en

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route that delay the progress of all following matches; they are not above small evasions, being averse to the "sand iron," often "dropping for one," when a true golfer goes down into the pit. Old men have been detected teeing up by mutual consent in the bunchy season of early frost. In short, their attitude is generally opportunistic, and few of them are above the suspicion of playing merely because it is good for their health. A doctor's prescription lurks in the pocket where the score-card should be.

Were golf restricted to men over thirty-five years, according to Professor Allbutt's decree, we should still retain many of our best players, but what a loss of idealism there would be in the game! We have hinted already that the severities of the code are maintained chiefly by the effort of high-minded youth. Even more, the too much discredited ideal of "form" depends upon mastering "stance" and "swing" in tender years. The stern fact of repeated victory by players who have no form to speak of has given the game a go-as-you-please quality. Yet we presume there are a few faithful who still regard the often-beaten Findlay Douglas as the most finished American golfer—the model and exemplar of graceful and effective play. No one whose muscles have stiffened—assuredly, no one whose stomach has "gone down"—is likely to master this admirable slashing style, the possession of which is almost more than that of infinite mugs and medals. Golf emphatically needs the old men, quite as much as they need it; but it also needs the steady infusion of young blood, if only that the beautiful style of the "old school" may not utterly yield to the stodgier mechanics of middle and later years.

A COLONIAL AUTOCRAT.

SYDNEY, July 5.

It can seldom happen that the passing away of a colonial public man is an event of sufficient moment to deserve the attention of readers at so great a distance; but the death of the Premier of New Zealand, a fortnight ago, occurred under circumstances so awe-inspiring, almost so tragic, and he was himself so striking a personality, with a career so remarkable, that a noticeable blank would be left in these letters recording the political evolution of the Australasian colonies, if it were quite ignored. Mr. Seddon had been officially invited to visit Australia, as a sovereign might have been invited, and from the day that he landed in Sydney till he took his departure, he was fêted like a king on a royal progress. He was banqueted; he made innumerable speeches; he was interviewed by the representatives of every progressive movement; he honored Australian institutions by merely visiting them; and he wound up by negotiating a treaty of commerce between the commonwealth and New Zealand. Then, when the steamer that bore him away from these shores was hardly out of sight of land, the indomitable will that had never once in a lifetime relaxed its grasp, gave way; and, like Scott's Queen Margaret of Anjou and many an obscurer individual, he fell suddenly dead. It was the most glorious of endings—a "death at Trafalgar." The ship that was carrying him back in triumph was converted into a funeral barge—"Home they brought their warrior dead." He was laid to rest on a commanding eminence, looking down on the scene of his legislative victories, after an international funeral, in which England and the United States, as well as Australia and all New Zealand, may be said to have participated, and where the dramatic laments of the Maoris for their Great White Father were blended with the heartfelt grief of a whole people. It was the colonial parallel to the exequies of Gladstone—as Sir James Stephen insisted that the old Latin word should be written. Mr. Seddon was wont to say that the colonies did not sufficiently honor their distinguished men. They have signally falsified the saying in his own instance. They idolized *him* in his lifetime and are worshipping him in his death.

Three memorable lessons, out of many, may be drawn from his extraordinary career.

Mr. Godkin has impressively remarked on the revolution that took place in American politics when education and social standing ceased to be required of candidates for a legislature. Mr. Seddon was a member of the Ministry that marked the accomplishment of a similar revolution at the Antipodes. Till 1891, New Zealand ministers had usually been distinguished for academic rearing, social rank, or eminent public services. The theory involved was then apparently supplanted by another theory—that every citizen is fit to be a legislator, that every legislator is fit to be a minister, and that every minister is fit to be premier. At all events, ministers were now first chosen from the rank and file. The results were startling. An itinerant dealer became premier, and projected a daring policy of State socialism. A Highland shepherd became Minister of Lands, and took the first steps or strides towards the nationalization of the land. A journalist became Minister of Labor, and established a system of industrial arbitration. These were great achievements, but they were all destined to be eclipsed by the exploits of the Minister of Works, who carried still further the Socialist policy of his predecessor, closely linked his colony with the fortunes of the Anglo-Saxon race, and raised New Zealand to be the second country in the empire after the mother land. Richard John Seddon seemed an unpromising person to be the executor of such a programme. Successively an engine-driver, a storekeeper, and a publican, he was but half-educated and wholly devoid of culture. In earlier days he had probably never read, and could not read a book. In later years he rose to the level of colonial periodicals, but never to that of literature. Talent he seemed to have none. It was long before he could properly express himself. His style of both speaking and writing gradually improved, but to the last his English was often bald, clumsy, and uncouth, and he never possessed the faculty by which Gladstone and Disraeli, Webster and Clay, exalted every topic they touched upon. What made him the man that he became? The same things that made Abraham Lincoln one of the greatest of American Presidents—the acquisition of power and the assumption of responsibility. He issued victorious out of every battle that he fought, and the strength of every rival he defeated entered into him. Accident had made him premier, and accident continued to befriend him. Like Crispi, he gained consideration at home by acquiring prestige abroad. He was the first of the colonial premiers to set foot in England on the occasion of Queen Victoria's "diamond jubilee," and he captured the British public by his *aplomb*, the vigor of his utterances, and the robustness of his character. Coming back to New Zealand aggrandized, he was acclaimed "King Dick," another Richard the Lion-heart. Serious illness threatened him, but, heroically battling down two strokes of paralysis, he showed an unbroken front to his enemies. Indeed, opposition gradually died away, and he was kept in office by overwhelming majorities.

Albert Sorel and other historians have shown from a mass of contemporary evidence that Napoleon tyrannized over France with its own consent. Mr. Seddon despotized over New Zealand with its cordial coöperation. He wielded unlimited authority. The whole political machine was moved by his will. As the English secretary of state was originally the private secretary of the sovereign, the colonial secretary in British colonies was originally the private secretary of the governor. Introducing a species of political atavism and substituting himself for the governor, Mr. Seddon converted his colleagues into his private secretaries. Their measures, their bills, their appointments even, were his. He held two successive governors—English noblemen!—under his sway, neither of them venturing to oppose any of his demands; and he wrote of "my government," as the governor used to speak, and as the King of Spain still speaks. The recent history of New Zealand furnishes the most striking proof of the proposition that, under the forms of parliamentary government, a free country may be ruled as Bismarck ruled Prussia, or even as Metternich ruled Austria.

It was in perfect consistency with his domestic policy that Mr. Seddon should be the chief fugleman of colonial jingoism. In his first speech in England he sounded the keynote of all the speeches afterwards made by the colonial premiers. He intimated that, if danger threatened or war broke out, England would "find the colonies behind her." He offered their support to the Motherland and virtually encouraged it to plunge into war. The declaration was duly noted, and the South African war was engaged in on the understanding that the colonies would take part in it. But for their unflinching advocacy and interested participation, it might never have been undertaken, and it would certainly have languished. The injury Mr. Seddon thus inflicted on his native land was grave and doubtless irreparable. He lived long enough to regret it. When the importation of Chinese to the gold mines of the Rand was sanctioned by the British Government, he plainly informed it that, if the retrograde policy was persisted in,

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there would be "a revulsion of feeling." It was too late; the mischief had been done. Hegel stated, and, sorely against his will, Mommsen proved, that the conquest of the provinces had reacted injuriously on the constitution of Rome and the Roman character; while Zeller has shown how deeply it corrupted the old Roman religion. The reaction of free colonies on the motherland should make for freedom, and in general it has so made; but in one or in two directions it has been disastrous. It has nursed the passion of conquest, and it has not fostered the sentiment of public justice.

In his last days Mr. Seddon declared that he was neither socialist nor anti-socialist. Misusing a word which, with its congeners, "humanity" and "humanities," has been often abused, he dubbed himself "a humanist." His sole public end, he asserted, was to promote the well-being of his fellows. It was no idle boast, if good intentions only were reckoned; but his methods were those of Socialism. Leave out womanhood suffrage and a stringent licensing act, which he passed at the point of the bayonet, and one continuous scarlet thread is perceived to run through all his measures. They substituted the collective action of the State for private enterprise, individual or associate. He strengthened the system of State industrial arbitration. He repurchased vast tracts of private lands, which are partially retained by the State. He established old-age pensions—his masterpiece. He added a life-insurance branch to the Government fire-insurance department. He built hundreds of workmen's cottages, with the result of inflating the market price of the surrounding land and thus defeating his own object. And he announced a gigantic scheme of national annuities, which was to place the coping-stone on his political career. It will be laid by other hands, but the adoption of his measures by one Australian State after another shows that, if an ambitious minister desires to gain and hold for a lifetime the secure tenure of autocratic rule, he should initiate and pursue a policy of State Socialism. J. C.

Correspondence.

JEWISH SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Authorities go and authorities come, but authority abideth forever, was my involuntary exclamation when I read the brief notice in the *Nation* (No. 2142), regarding the callous attitude of Judaism and Christianity toward the "little brothers" of men. The authority of Schopenhauer is invoked for the unqualified statement, that these two religious systems were oblivious of duty toward dumb creatures. When a modern writer inclines to pick a flaw in the mentality of a mediæval predecessor, he charges him, as a rule, with blind adherence to authority. The reproach is, that before the modern spirit of inquiry was abroad, all moot points were settled by merely quoting the dictum of some great man. Apparently we are no better off to-day, unless it be an advance to swear by Darwin rather than Moses, or have Kant crammed down our throats instead of St. Paul. For my part, I cannot call it other than blind adherence to authority, to rest satisfied with an *ex cathedra* statement by Schopenhauer, that Judaism has no regard for the feelings of the brute creation.

If, instead, the elementary method of consulting the Bible itself were adopted, we should find reason to wonder at the abundance of legal provisions, rather than their paucity. The humane institution of a day of rest embraces the beast of burden in its beneficence; the fourth commandment bids cessation from work on the Sabbath for the sake of one's cattle. A still more characteristic expression of feeling is in the verse that forbids the muzzling of the ox while he is treading out the corn. The Jewish law, however, goes farther; it prohibits castration, and thereby imposed great sacrifices upon an agricultural community. But the highest degree of tenderness and sympathy with brute life is implied in the Biblical injunctions that recognize and guard the relation of the mother animal to the offspring; a nest may not be robbed of the dam and the fledgling birds at once; a cow or ewe and her young cannot be slaughtered for a sacrifice on the same day; and three times the Mosaic law warns against seething the kid in its mother's milk.

So much for the Biblical law. As for post-Biblical Judaism, if it knew no such institutions as Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the reason may be that they were made superfluous by the stringency of the law. The stranger desirous of sojourning among the Jews had to take upon himself a minimum of observance, and this minimum included the prohibition against rending a live animal and eating its flesh, a demand so rigorous that the early Christians laid stress upon it (Acts xxi. 25). The rabbis would not permit animals to be tortured even for the purpose of obtaining medical remedies. Except as a measure of self-defence, the chase is unthinkable in the Jewish system. About a hundred years ago, a very wealthy Jew plied a celebrated rabbi, Ezekiel Landau of Prague, with questions as to whether the prohibition against hunting could not be modified in some way. The rabbi gave reins to his astonishment, that a Jew could desire to take the life of dumb creatures wantonly, and esteem it a pleasure at that.

That the law was not a theory, but the practical and direct expression of the popular conscience, is demonstrated by legend and proverb. A pious husband and wife long remained childless. They begged a saint who chanced their way to pray for the removal of the curse from them. He answered: "If you will so place the watering trough that even the young chicks can quench their thirst, you will have cause for complaint no longer." And so it was: sterility had been their punishment for heedlessness in the treatment of the animals under their charge. And the whole case for Judaism, which has not been half stated in the above, was pithily compressed into one sentence by the wisest of kings: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast" (Prov. xii. 12).

Louis Ginzberg.

Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York, August 6.

[We gladly give space to this interesting letter. Our note, however, while alluding to Schopenhauer did not erect him into an authority, nor was any attack made upon Jewish ethics.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HOUSING OF EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GIFTS TO THE GERMANIC MUSEUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, in an editorial of July 7, stated that the manner in which the gifts of Emperor William to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University had been received by the Harvard authorities seems to show that the Emperor's generosity had entirely failed of proper recognition in this country. For, it said, in effect, these splendid casts of monumental German sculptures were stowed away in a dusty old barn; and as for making use of them for the study of the history of German art, that was entirely out of the question, since nobody took any interest in them.

As long as these perversions of truth were confined to the columns of a single newspaper, I thought it best to ignore them. Now, however, I learn that a recent dispatch of the Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* reports that these statements have been copied in the Berlin papers, and have led to a good deal of indignant comment on American ingratitude for German favors, and to the expression of the hope that the Emperor would in the future refrain from such acts of generosity towards America.

Under these circumstances, I consider it my duty to declare that the accusations of the *Staats-Zeitung* are absolutely false and sheer fabrications. The building in which the collections of the Germanic Museum are temporarily installed is small and unpretentious, but it is admirably lighted and well adapted for exhibition purposes. Every one of the monuments exhibited (including the gifts of the German Emperor) is brought into clear view and can be studied in all its details. No one is more desirous than the Harvard authorities of having a sufficient sum of money raised for the erection of a large and monumental museum building; and repeated efforts have been made in this direction. The latest of these efforts consisted in collections for an "Emperor William Fund," intended as a permanent endowment for such a building. About $25,000 has thus far been subscribed for this fund; but we need more than ten times this amount before we can think of breaking ground. It is very much to be desired that the German-American press, instead of reviling what has been accomplished thus far, should help us in carrying out these wide-reaching plans.

As to the interest taken in the museum by the public, it is sufficient to say that since November, 1903, the time of its formal opening, the museum has been visited by some 70,000 persons, although it is regularly open only on two entire days and two afternoons of the week. Lectures on mediæval German sculpture are regularly given in the museum to advanced students. A handbook describing in detail the objects exhibited is at present in the press and will appear shortly. Kuno Francke.

Harvard University, August 6.

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STUDY FROM THE NUDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent seizure in New York on a warrant sworn out by the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, of a publication of the Art Students' League entitled the *American Student of Art*, suggests some considerations that appear to be too often overlooked in connection with the study of the nude figure in academies of art.

Whatever may be the need of practice from the nude for the exceptional few who have capacity and elevation of mind enough to make proper use of it, such practice is in no way essential in the training of the average student of art. Considered as discipline, for any ends that these students can compass, the study of any other natural organic form is as useful as that of the human figure. The student who does not find beauty in a spray of leafage will not perceive it in the Venus of Melos.

But, however this may be, there can be no justification for parading in public the crude effigies of inelegant naked academy models. These belong in the students' portfolios, if anywhere. They are not works of art, and have nothing to commend them to public attention, while as mere display of nudity they justify the action that has been taken.

It is only when chastened by exalted feeling, and the highest artistic treatment, that the nude in art is ever justified. The nudes of academy students, and of the rank and file of professional painters, seldom rise above the coarseness and uncleanness of those of Parisian Salons.

CHARLES H. MOORE.

Harvard University, August 4.

Notes.

Harlow N. Higinbotham, who was for many years a partner of Marshall Field, has prepared a book on "The Making of a Merchant," which will be published in September by Forbes & Co. of Chicago.

Dr. Hugh Black, who is coming to New York to occupy the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Union Theological Seminary, has ready a volume of sermons which will be issued by Fleming H. Revell Co.

Next week Henry Frowde will publish Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" for children in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry. The volume will contain the five illustrations by William Blake, and an Introduction by E. V. Lucas.

We have so often pointed out the excellent features of the First Folio Edition of Shakspere, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., that nothing remains to be said about the latest volume containing "Twelfe Night, or What You Will."

Frederic C. Howe, whose book, "The City the Hope of Democracy," was recently reviewed in the *Nation*, has a new volume ready, called "The Confessions of a Monopolist." Two of the chapters were published last year in the *World's Work* as "Confessions of a Commercial Senator." The work as a whole will soon be issued by the Public Publishing Company of Chicago.

John Addington Symonds's "Walt Whitman, a Study," is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in a single small volume. It is a curious contrast to turn from Symonds's panegyric of Whitman to the somewhat embarrassed attitude of Whitman toward his admirer, as shown in his recently printed conversations with Horace Traubel.

Burke's works are to occupy six volumes in the World's Classics, published by Henry Frowde, the first volume being now before us. To compress into a single book of pocket size the four treatises, viz., "A Vindication of Natural Society," "The Sublime and Beautiful," "A Short Account of a Late Administration," and "Observations on 'The Present State of the Nation,'" means pretty small type, although, as in all these volumes, the page remains quite readable. Judge Willis furnishes the General Introduction.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready for publication a volume whose title runs: "Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea, and Japan; being notes and recollections of Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod." The English publisher, John Murray, has added a preface in which he relates the Count's signal work for the Catholic Church in remote places of the earth. Another book announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. is a volume of fifteen stories by George Gissing, called "The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories." This completes the edition of Gissing's works, and contains a long introduction on the author by Thomas Seccombe.

From the autumn announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons the following titles may be noted: "The Ohio River," by A. B. Hulbert; "The Connecticut River," by E. M. Bacon; "Romance of the Italian Villas," by Elizabeth W. Champney; "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France," by Elise W. Rose; "Winged Wheels in France," by M. M. Shoemaker; "The Story of Old Fort Johnson," by W. M. Reid; "Hunting Big Game," by W. S. Thomas; "On the Great American Plateau," by T. M. Prudden; Mrs. Gaskell's Works, Knutsford Edition; "Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant," unpublished letters and other mementos; "Essays of Sir Leslie Stephen," in eleven volumes; "The Censorship of the Church and Its Influence Upon the Production and Distribution of Literature," by G. H. Putnam; "Shelburne Essays, Fourth Series," by P. E. More; "A Literary History of the English People," vol. ii., part i., by J. J. Jusserand; "The Poetic Movement in England," by Stopford A. Brooke; "The Gate of Death"; The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery," by Karl Werder; "Tacitus and Other Roman Studies," by Gaston Boissier; "Thomas à Kempis and the Imitation of Christ," by J. E. G. de Montmorency; "Montaigne" and "Molière," in "French Classics for English Readers"; "The Life of Goethe," vol. ii., by Albert Bielschowsky; "Princess and Court Ladies," by Arvède Barine; "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," by G. Ferrero; "Five Fair Sisters," by H. Noel Williams; "George Herbert and His Times," by A. G. Hyde; "David Garrick and His Circle," by Mrs. Clement Parson; "Memoirs of Comte de Rambuteau," by George Lequin; "History of the People of the Netherlands," Part iv., by P. J. Blok; "Madame Recamier and Her Friends," by E. Herriot; "The Roman Empire," by H. Stuart Jones; "Gettysburg and Lincoln," by H. S. Burrage; "The Union Cause in Kentucky," by Thomas Speed; "A Spinner in the Sun," by Myrtle Reed; "A Draught of the Blue," by F. W. Bain; "Shibusawa," by I. W. Adams; "The Sword of Wealth," by H. W. Thomas; "The Saint," by A. Fogazzaro; "The Man of Property," by John Galsworthy; "The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations," by P. Rámanáthan; "The Evolution of Religions," by E. Bierer; "The Acts of the Apostles, etc.," by H. P. Forbes; "The Hebrew Religion to the Establishment of Judaism Under Ezra," by W. E. Addis; "The History of Painting," by R. Muther; "The Development of Modern Art," by J. Meier-Graefe; "English Coloured Books," by M. Hardie; "Enamels," by H. H. Cunynghame; "Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Works," by N. Dawson; "The Essentials of Æsthetics," by G. L. Raymond; "History of English Furniture," vol: iii., by P. Macquoid; "The Power to Regulate Corporations and Commerce," by F. Hendrick.

In pure literature the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," now definitely announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the autumn, ought to be the most entertaining volumes we shall have for many a day. Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland, the author, knew Hearn intimately for nearly thirty years, and had the advantage of seeing him in many of his different environments. The bulk of the two volumes is given up to Hearn's correspondence during a period of thirty-five years. Hearn was a voluminous letter-writer, eloquent and witty, and his personality had that idiosyncrasy which makes such writing interesting.

Bordeaux has bethought herself that she once had a mayor named Michel de Montaigne, and, as a municipal enterprise, has undertaken a definitive edition of the "Essais," of which the first volume has appeared. The complete text is, of course, to be given, and variations of type are to show the epoch to which each passage belongs; while notes will register the most trifling variants. Professor Strowski of Bordeaux University has editorial charge.

The *Quarterly Review* comes out strong in history and government and rather weak in pure literature. In the former division it ranges through a review of "England in the Mediterranean," "Northumberland," "John Knox and the Reformation," "The Oxford Movement," "The General Election in France," and other outlying subjects. Perhaps the article that will arouse most argument, at least among a certain group of readers, is Robert Dunlop's "Origins of the Irish Race." According to the general view we are told to regard the ancient Irish as a homogeneous race, of Celtic origin, who brought to Ireland their own arts and institutions, and developed them uninterruptedly until the arrival of the Danes and Anglo-Normans arrested and finally put an end to a civilization which otherwise might have grown to something great and permanent. To each of these statements Mr. Dunlop opposes a direct negative, with a fairly formidable array of arguments: "First, then," he says, "there is every reason to believe that the ancient Irish (using the words in the sense of Dr.

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Joyce) were not a single, homogeneous, nor in the main a Celtic people; secondly, we have good grounds for concluding that when the Celtic or, more probably, Celtiberian conquerors arrived in Ireland they found the inhabitants of the country in a comparatively well advanced state of civilization; thirdly, there are good reasons for regarding the Celtic or Celtiberian conquest of Ireland as the work of a relatively small body of invaders, resembling the Norman conquests of England and Sicily; fourthly, there is little doubt that Irish Christianity and what is called 'late Celtic' art are essentially Eastern in their origin and have little or nothing to do with Rome or Constantinople; fifthly, there is little question that the Danish invasions (apart from mere acts of piracy) served rather to develop Irish civilization and increase the chance of national unity than the reverse; and, finally, we hold that Irish civilization perished of its own effeteness and inability to stand against a superior and more highly developed civilization."

The *Edinburgh Review* for July contains three articles on French subjects, all, in one way or another, interesting. One deals with Alfred de Musset, devoting a good deal of space to the now sufficiently vulgarized episode of the poet and George Sand, but giving it some relief by a clever contrast of the two characters. George Sand the writer of the article calls a "Byronic woman with *un point* of Ibsen"—a capital phrase. A second French paper is on Descartes as the "Representative Philosopher," taking up a number of recent books on the subject by Miss Haldane and others. "He sought," says the article, "to be alone rather interiorly than exteriorly; perhaps, on the whole, he preferred the solitude of the Hall to Eblis to the solitude of the desert under the silent stars." The writer necessarily dwells on the famous *Cogito, ergo sum*, but he does not point out clearly how the over-intellectualism of modern philosophy starts with this false emphasis of *cogito*, and how much of the egotism of modern literature is forshadowed in the *sum*. A third French paper, on "Illuminism and the French Revolution," we may pass over.

The *Library* for June offers a symposium of contributions to the memory of Richard Garnett, the keynote being very happily struck by Austin Dobson:

Of him we may say justly—Here was one
Who knew of most things more than any other;
Who loved all learning underneath the sun,
And looked on every learner as a brother.
Nor was this all. For those who knew him knew,
However far his lore's domain extended;
It held its quiet "Poet's Corner" too,
Where mirth and song and irony were blended.

The other writers recur to the same traits; his kindliness, the universal scope of his learning, his happy gifts as a writer in prose and poetry; and the feeling of personal loss is notable everywhere. Mr. Pollard suggests the possibility of evolving by coöperation a sort of composite biography (which would be different from and on a higher plan than the ordinary biography)—lest "his reputation may attract to itself many of the Joe-Millerisms of librarianship." Alexander Hill takes a somewhat new angle of the fiction question in his article on "Responsibility for the Public Taste." He takes the ground that the inexperienced reader needs protection against bad and stupid writers, who, he says, have opportunities denied to the public speaker. "Is the public the best judge of what is good for its moral and intellectual health?" Mr. Hill thinks not, and he has a seventeen years' experience as chairman of the National Home Reading Union to back up his assertion. Librarians, he holds, should be not only receptive, they must, if they understand their responsibilities, be aggressive in attracting attention to what is good. Mr. Hill suggests three means of doing this: "(1) the display of books bearing upon subjects which are at the time occupying the public mind; (2) talks on books by persons who know their subjects, and who have taken the trouble to look out the books in the library which will enable others to follow in their steps; (3) the formation of public reading circles, meeting in the library, for the purpose of coöperative study and discussion."

Reinhold Begas, probably the greatest German sculptor, having just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, the press is full of stories of his rich and interesting career. A personal friend of Bismarck's, he had occasion to make several statues of him before the Chancellor's death, for which Bismarck gave him some sittings. Impressed, like every one else, with those wonderful eyes of the man of blood and iron, Begas exclaimed once as he worked: "Your eyes, your Highness, are as if they could gaze upon several countries and overlook everything!" "Overlook everything," retorted Bismarck; "that is not a compliment to pay to a diplomat!" Ten weeks before Bismarck's death, Begas appeared at Friedrichsruh to get a final impression of Germany's most striking figure, before beginning work on the great Bismarck monument voted by the Reichstag. When Begas stated his mission, Bismarck replied: "*Gott*, why do you wish to set me a great monument? Represent me as being on crutches!" When they parted, Begas, feeling that the farewell was final for this world, tried to kiss Bismarck's hand, but the Chancellor waved him off, and then embraced him with deep feeling.

In connection with the celebration by the University of Turin of Cesare Lombroso's jubilee, his daughters, Paola and Gina (Mme. Carrara and Mme. Ferrero), published a little volume giving a modest account of their father's life and work. A chapter containing details of his *vie intime* has amusing stories. Never was there a better impersonation of the traditional *savant*—absent-minded, whimsical, frank, kindly, and always dwelling in the moon. On one occasion in Rome, being without an overcoat and being instructed by his daughters to buy one, he was found in the streets with a huge and shapeless bottle-green affair, dragging after his heels, which he had blinkingly purchased from an unscrupulous street peddler. Tales of the *enfant terrible* order are told of him. Once his daughters were very reluctant to go with him to call upon a stupid lady of their acquaintance. Lombroso finally persuaded them to go, and then burst out as follows to their astonished hostess: "I have had the deuce of a time in getting these foolish girls to come with me. They always do dread being bored! But I promised them that we should hurry to eat some of your cakes, and then go away immediately!"

Charles Edward Garman, professor of philosophy at Amherst College, has for a quarter of a century played a somewhat unique part in our American academic system. To "publish," to pursue "original investigation," has during that time been the ideal that most of his compeers have aspired to; but he, with as good capacities for that sort of thing as any of them, has unswervingly devoted all his energies to being an inspiring teacher; and his "publishing" has only been of pamphlets for the use of his successive classes. The results have been extraordinary in their effect, not only on the intellect, but on the character of those who have come under his influence. His pupils, many of whom are now academic personages of importance, have thought fit to express their "gratitude, admiration, and affection" by a *Festschrift* on the German pattern, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled "Studies in Philosophy and Psychology," and dedicated to Professor Garman, whose portrait forms its frontispiece. The thirteen essays which the volume contains are of first-rate importance, but too various, and in some cases too technical, to call for detailed notice here—the philosophical periodicals will doubtless do them justice. Meanwhile the editors have printed, as a sort of introduction, "without the knowledge of Professor Garman," a long letter, written by him many years ago, in which his views of the way to teach philosophy and of its rôle in manly education, are vividly expounded. The philosophic class-room is for him the place *par excellence* in which a young man may acquire confidence in his own reflective judgments. He thinks that the crisis of intellectual self-reliance in the individual may, with proper pedagogic skill, be brought on there, and may make him immune for life against weakminded imitativeness. As in the breaking of a colt, there is one grand opportunity, which bad teaching may forfeit, but which good teaching will secure, and protectively vaccinate, as it were, the student's future mental character. Professor Garman's own account of his methods is delightfully original. The whole volume, full as it is of able and striking matter, should suffice to show that a life modestly consecrated to what nowadays seems the less fashionable half of a "professor's" functions, may yet reap its meed of fame, and burst, in spite of itself, into the wider publicity. It should serve as encouragement to the pure teacher the world over.

Berlin newspapers contain warnings against a literary thief, Erich R. Salbey, a young man from Erfurt, who calls himself an author, but seems so far to have signed his name only to other people's work. One of his latest victims is a Viennese writer, two of whose book reviews Salbey published over his own name. When accused Salbey at first denied the charge and abused the accuser, only subsequently to admit his theft. He has also been exposed by Erfurt newspapers, and it is expected that his name will now disappear from Kürschner's "Literaturkelender," in which it should never have appeared.

The Mohammedan College at Aligarh is one of the most interesting educational institutions in India, not only on account of its marked success, but because it is an unmistakable indication that the Indian

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Mohammedans are awakening to a realization of their position and responsibilities. Founded in 1875 by a great reformer who, convinced of the evils attendant on a purely secular education, determined to unite religious instruction based on Islamic tenets with the secular learning of the West, it has 700 students from all parts of India, Burma, and Persia. An extensive area is covered by the college buildings, consisting of quadrangles of students' rooms, a mosque, central hall, museum and library, as well as a field for athletic sports. The rooms are divided into blocks, each under the care of a proctor. To develop the higher nature three student societies have been formed. The *Anjuman ul Farz*, or Duty, is to assist poor students, mainly by collecting funds to establish scholarships. The Brotherhood of Purity has for its aim the encouragement of manly morality. Last but not least is the debating and literary society, in whose clubhouse the best English periodicals are eagerly read. The way in which the Mohammedans are regarding it may been seen from what a leading Indian notable, the Aga Khan of Bombay, said of it in a recent address: "We want Aligarh to be such a home of learning as to command the same respect of scholars as Berlin or Oxford, Leipzig or Paris. And we want those branches of Moslem learning which are too fast passing into decay to be added by Moslem scholars to the stock of the world's knowledge. And above all, we want to create for our people an intellectual and moral capital; a city which shall be the home of elevated ideas and pure ideals; a centre from which light and guidance shall be diffused among the Moslems of India, aye, and out of India too, and which shall hold up to the world a noble standard of the justice and virtue and purity of our beloved faith."

The practice and even the methods of latter day political criticism—muckraking, the unwise it call—are by no means new, as is attested in that journalistic miscellany "The Olivia Letters" (Neale Publishing Co., $2). Writing in the winter of 1867 from Washington, Mrs. Emily Edson Briggs describes the descent of that grave historian, James Parton, upon the capitoline lobby. "James Parton, the distinguished magazine writer," she learns, "has been here for several days." He had been seen on the floor of the House, and also in consultation with many leading members of Congress; but anticipating the late Senator Gorman's tribute to the calling of Congressional page, Mr. Parton had also consorted with doorkeepers, messengers, pages, and all others who are supposed to be wise and serious when talked to in regard to "a certain very delicate subject." The cause of the inquiry was "that Mr. Parton is preparing an article on the Washington lobby." This monster of truly hideous mien "Olivia" proceeds to characterize in terms which suggest that the Octopus metaphor, too, is of a most respectable antiquity. She rejoices that Mr. Parton "is going to hold up the monster in the broad light of day—this creeping, crawling thing, which, in more respects than one, bears a strong resemblance to Victor Hugo's devil fish." The curious may still read Parton's exposure of the lobby in "Topics of the Times," where it stands as a reminder to our more vociferous censors that the public interests may be subserved with a very moderate expenditure of ink and a merely gentlemanly supply of denunciatory rhetoric.

The Celtic revival has been rather less active in Scotland than in the other Celtic-speaking lands, but it appears to have borne fruit there in the increased study of place-names and local traditions. A good deal of material on Scottish Gaelic nomenclature has been brought together in recent years. Besides a number of articles in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness and in other periodicals, we recall a book by W. J. N. Liddall, on the names in Fife and Kinross (1896), one by J. M. MacKinlay on the influence of the pre-Reformation church on Scottish place-names (1904), and another in the same year by W. J. Watson, on the names in Ross and Cromarty. G. F. Black of New York has printed in the *Caledonian* short specimens from an extensive collection of material which we believe it is his intention to publish. And now we have received from the firm of David Nutt in London a volume on the place-names of Argyll by Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, known already as the author of a Gaelic grammar and of articles on Gaelic medical lore. The chief service of these investigations has been in ascertaining and making accessible the facts with regard to actual local usage. For in this matter the official surveys, with their half-anglicized spellings, give very untrustworthy indications. The information is obviously fundamental for all study of the etymology of the names, and Dr. Gillies has taken great pains to make his collections for Argyllshire accurate. In the examination of documentary evidence concerning the earlier forms of names he appears to have done less than Mr. Watson. Many doubtful names cannot be satisfactorily dealt with until such historical data have been generally collected, not only for Scotland, but also for Ireland, of which we understand that the Rev. Edmund Hogan of Dublin has in hand a great onomasticon. Dr. Gillies's discussions of etymologies are not always lucid in exposition, or, in our opinion, sound in method. We are a little puzzled by his statement (p. 23) that one of two explanations of a name is "possible," but that the other is "correct." And we cannot agree with all of his derivations. We do not believe, for example, that *machaire* and *oirthir* are compounds of *tir* (as stated on pp. xxiii. and 3), or that *aird* is cognate with the English "earth" (p. 2).

The first volume of A. H. Leahy's "Heroic Romances of Ireland" was recently reviewed at some length in these columns. The second volume, now in our hands, contains five stories of the type known as "cattle-spoils," which constituted a favorite class of sagas among the ancient Irish, and dealt with what was doubtless a common incident of their tribal life. The great legendary struggle between Ulster and Connaught turned upon a cattle raid, and the saga which narrates it, the principal tale of the oldest Irish cycle, is entitled "The Cattle-Spoil of Cooley" (*Táin Bó Cúalnge*). With this great *Táin* there came to be associated a number of introductory tales (*remscéla*), some of them having little or no connection with the central story, and it is five of these lesser tales of cattle-spoil which Mr. Leahy has translated. They are all, in different ways, good examples of the best period of Irish saga-writing. Mr. Leahy's method in translation differs from that employed in the first volume, where he rendered the Irish prose by prose and used verse for the metrical passages only. In the present case he has made a verse translation throughout, although the originals are almost wholly in prose, and he has supplied a literal prose rendering on the opposite page. We prefer his first method, for we are still doubtful about the value of his metrical versions. His verse, while acceptable enough in an attempt to reproduce for English readers the *cante-fable* structure of the original, has no particular charm or power, and a somewhat diffuse metrical paraphrase does less justice, in our opinion, to the Irish than a close translation in idiomatic English prose. Unfortunately, the prose which accompanies the verse in the present volume is, doubtless intentionally, so literal that it sometimes ceases to be English at all. Take a sentence like the following, which we quote from page 6: "Fifty sons of kings, this was the number of his household, co-aged, co-similar to him all between form and instruction." A few pages of this to show the peculiarities of Irish style and syntax—as in the case of the interlinear translation in Mr. Leahy's Appendix—may well be of service, but a volume of it seems to us hardly worth while. In spite of the criticisms we have felt bound to make upon both Mr. Leahy's volumes, we can commend them to English readers desirous of getting at the substance of some of the most interesting productions in Irish literature, and we believe they will help make the real nature of that literature better understood.

Under the general title "The Church Universal," a company of Anglican scholars propose to issue a series of eight small volumes dealing with the history of the Christian Church from the beginning to the present day. The volume now appearing is "The Church and the Barbarians; Being an Outline of the History of the Church from A. D. 461 to A. D. 1003," by the editor of the series, the Rev. William Holden Hutton, B. D. (The Macmillan Co., $1.) To include the recital of the fortunes of Christianity, both East and West, political and doctrinal, during five and a half centuries, within two hundred pages, means altogether too great condensation. Mr. Hutton is overwhelmed by the multiplicity of his facts, and one feels in reading his pages that one is examining a skeleton, not following the development of an organism. The ecclesiastical bias of the writer is somewhat too evident. No opportunity to prove that the Church is "a divine institution with a continuous life" is neglected. The author is fully persuaded that the great Councils simply defined the faith which was delivered to the saints, and that if they had failed to define it just as they did—one person, two natures, two wills—"it would have been dissolved little by little by sentimental concessions and shallow inconsistencies of interpretation." Church history of this sort certainly will not unsettle any one's faith, nor will it con-

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vey a real appreciation of the struggles through which Christian doctrine came to be.

The latest volume to be issued by the Royal Historical Society is "State Trials of the Reign of Edward the First" (London: Royal Historical Society, Chancery Lane). The editors, Prof. T. F. Tout and Miss Hilda Johnstone, have made use of "two plea rolls preserved in the Public Record Office, containing the official proceedings of the trials of the judges and other royal officers, before a special commission appointed by Edward I. in 1289." This trial of the judges for breach of trust and general perversion of justice is a dramatic incident in the legal history of mediæval England. For more than three years prior to August, 1289, the King had been in Gascony. On his return he found the land filled with protests against those who had represented the Crown during his absence. Determined to find out whether the royal confidence had been abused, Edward appointed Burnell, his trusty chancellor, John de Pontoise, Bishop of Winchester, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and four other men of irreproachable loyalty, a commission to take evidence. Thomas de Weyland, chief justice of common pleas; Ralph de Hengham, chief justice of King's bench; Adam de Stratton, a leading official of the Exchequer; William de Brompton, a judge of common pleas; Solomon de Rochester, a justice on eyre; William de Saham, a judge of King's bench; Henry de Bray, justice of the Jews, and several lesser personages were disgraced. There can be little doubt that the King was actuated to make the inquiry by just motives, but the size of the fines and the willingness of the Crown to accept satisfaction through payment of money, would indicate a desire to kill two birds with one stone. The episode is more striking than the documents which contain the official records. Prof. Tout, with truth, calls them dull, and there are also large gaps. The chronicles of the period—Hemingburgh, the "Flores Historiarum," and the "Annals of Dunstable"—refer with their usual exaggeration to the iniquities of the judges; but, as Miss Johnstone points out: "The record is almost as disappointing as the chroniclers. . . . In no less than 60 out of the 165 cases recorded in the shorter roll, the accusation is never given, or only vaguely given as 'trespass.'" There is, however, evidence that some, at least, of the judges used personal intimidation, besides giving open aid to friends through counsel and advice. By far the liveliest document in the volume is the "Narratio de Passione Justiciariorum," a satire written by some unknown clerk. The work of editing has been performed by Professor Tout and Miss Johnstone with care and erudition.

The second part of M. René Dussaud's "Notes de Mythologie Syrienne" (Paris: Leroux, 1905) comprises two-thirds of the entire 183 pages, exclusive of the index. Of the nine chapters in this *livraison*, eight appeared originally as articles in the *Revue Archéologique*, *Revue Numismatique*, etc. The first *livraison* contained but one chapter, dealing with the symbols and images of the Syrian sun-god. The principal chapter in the second part deals with the symbols and images of the goddess consort. M. Dussaud concludes that Hadad, with his consort, Atargatis, and their child or children, Simios and Simia, came from Babylon, gained a footing at Hierapolis, and spread thence over Syria, Palestine, and Phœnicia. In Syria proper, as at Damascus, for example, the local divinities were completely assimilated with these gods. In the Roman period we have a new diffusion of Hadad and his consort, superimposed on the first, under the secondary form of the Heliopolitan Jupiter (p. 115). In a chapter on the Phœnician Pantheon M. Dussaud undertakes to show, with a considerable degree of success, that the fragments of a Phœnician cosmogony preserved by Eusebius from a translation, by Philo of Byblos, of the work of the priest Sanchoniathon, possess little or no value as a record of genuine ancient Phœnician myths and legends. The Phœnician Pantheon was practically the same everywhere: at the head a solar divinity, the master, or *ba'al*, of the town and its founder, and along with him the goddess Astarte. There was also a second group, apparently of agrarian origin, Sadyk and his son Eshmun-Adonis. M. Dussaud presents the Aramæan and Phœnician mythology, particularly as it shows itself in the later period, the Greek and the Græco-Roman. All his illustrations are drawn from coins and monuments of that period, and represent rather that official mythology, which was a hybrid of West and East, than the native and original religion. It is curious that M. Dussaud, who is generally so keen to detect and disclose traditional errors, should himself have perpetuated such an error. In the chapter on Dusares, he has much to say of *bætylia*, a word which he uses to indicate any sacred stone or pillar. From neither Greek nor Semitic antiquity (*cf.* Prof. George F. Moore, in *American Journal of Archæology*, vol. vii., No. 1), can such a use be justified. The *baitulos* or *bætylion* is a small stone, supposed to have fallen from heaven, to be endowed with motion and speech, and to give oracular responses. It has nothing whatever to do with the stones or stone pillars, set up by the Western Semitic peoples, which they anointed, worshipped, and kissed, and at which they offered sacrifices. The story of Jacob's pillar, and the similarity of Bethel to *baitulos*, led to the confusion of the two words and their different ideas. This misuse of *baitulos* or *bætylion* can be traced back only as far as the seventeenth century.

Harrison Grey Fiske has returned to this city to superintend preparations for the production of "The Kreutzer Sonata," adapted by Langdon Mitchell from the Yiddish of Jacob Gordin. The part of the heroine is to be played by Bertha Kalich.

Gen. Patrick Maxwell, who died recently at Bath, England, in the eightieth year of his age, was an Indian officer, who served brilliantly in both civil and military capacities—and was famous as a linguist. He was the author of admirable metrical translations of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" and "William Tell" and Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and made a prose translation of Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm." His version of the remarkable drama of "Nathan the Wise" has been highly commended both by English and German critics; among the former by Sir Theodore Martin, who congratulated him "on having given to English literature as adequate an interpretation of that noble work as could be desired."

The proclamation on behalf of Mr. Arnold Daly, that, notwithstanding the court decision in his favor, he will neither produce "Mrs. Warren's Profession" himself, nor permit any one else to do so, betokens prudence and a tardy appreciation of the best public sentiment. Possibly a higher tribunal might entertain different views as to the general effect of Mr. Shaw's didactic vulgarities upon public morals. Mr. Daly is said to entertain the conviction that there is a fortune in the piece for any one producing it. He would probably find out his mistake if he made the venture. As a matter of fact, there is not much to be said against the thing on the score of immorality. If anybody but Mr. Shaw had been the author, it might have been possible to argue that it was written with a genuine though desperately mistaken moral purpose. But the discussion would be exceedingly tiresome and unprofitable. The play is unfit for the stage because it is offensive, because, under the pretence of startling and salutary exposure, it grossly exaggerates perfectly familiar evils in a fashion that may gratify the coarsest taste, but is powerless for good; because it applies to modern comedy the methods of an ancient, outworn, and clumsy melodrama; because it is devoid of artistic restraint, truth, or sincerity; because, in spite of all its verbal cleverness, it is platitudinous, coarse, and obnoxious.

The dramatic critic of the London *World*, H. Hamilton Fyfe, in briefly reviewing the past London theatrical season, says: "The public is not, by any means, without intelligence. It goes to musical comedies because it must go somewhere, and because the managers who go in for this form of variety entertainment take pains to give playgoers an article worth their money. But if an equal number of managers took equal pains and spent an equal amount upon providing good plays, the public would, undoubtedly, transfer its custom. We should soon see the musical comedy mongers hitting the workhouse, as the American journals put it. Here, then, is the reason why so few good plays are produced. It is because the management of theatres is chiefly in the hands of people who neither care for good plays nor would be capable of running theatres which made a specialty of producing them. It is nonsense to say they would provide more intelligent dramatic fare if there was a demand for it. Very wisely they kept to the only kind of thing which they like, and in which they can profitably traffic. It would be as grossly unjust to blame them as it is to cast the discredit of our decadent stage upon the public. Good things never come in answer to a demand. They are forced upon the world from above. If we had a few managers resolved to make the theatre a living force in our national life, we should notice a change very soon." This is the plain truth. The public has no means of making any demand upon the manager. It can take what is offered or go without. In-

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variably it selects what is good of its kind, making the best of a bad bargain.

"DADDY" CRISP.

Burford Papers. Being Letters of Samuel Crisp to his Sister at Burford; and Other Studies of a Century (1745-1845). By William Holden Hutton, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Hutton's latest book, "Burford Papers," is a hybrid work in which some family letters of the eighteenth century form a prelude to numerous short essays on the period, 1745-1845. The essays are by Mr. Hutton, who also furnishes in a few local sketches the background. The letters themselves are a fragment of the correspondence between Samuel Crisp, the author of "Virginia," and his sister, Mrs. Gast. The title, too, requires a word of explanation. For most Americans the chief association of Burford is with a little village nestling under the western edge of Boxhill. Here in the inn whose French windows open on slopes of green velvet, Keats wrote "Endymion," while the whole neighborhood is redolent with the memory of William Blake, Disraeli, George Meredith, and other literary celebrities. But not amid the highlands of Surrey is Mr. Hutton's Burford. In Oxfordshire, as every one will remember who knows his Clarendon and his Matthew Arnold, there is another Burford—the Burford of Burford Priory, where once lived Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, the apostle of "sweetness and light" in a generation which otherwise was disturbed by the fierce strifes of Pym and Strafford, Nehemiah Wallington, and Sir Nicholas Crisp. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament, bought Burford Priory from Falkland, and since that time the place has had no remarkable renown. But near at hand is the town of Burford, whose beautiful parish church is the chief architectural glory of the Cotswolds. And since in England past and present are closely woven to form the same rich web, with Burford Church is connected the name of William Morris. Just thirty years ago he happened to be at Burford for part of a day when the church was "undergoing restoration." Scandalized, he sat down at once to propose the formation of a society "which might deal with such cases, and, if the destruction done by the restorers could not be stopped, might at all events make it clear that it was destruction and not preservation." So much for Burford in general. The application of this place-name to the present volume has been explained by Mr. Hutton in the first sentence of the preface: "Such unity as these 'Studies of a Century' possess is due to all of them, I believe, having been written either to or at a house at Burford in Oxfordshire." The residence referred to is the "Great House" where Mrs. Gast was living when she received the letters of her brother, Samuel Crisp, and where Mr. Hutton himself seems to be living now when not engaged in tutorial duties at St. John's College, Oxford.

Samuel Crisp, who is the most prominent of Mr. Hutton's eighteenth century figures, is not quite forgotten by the present generation. Dr. Birkbeck Hill knew all about him, as he did about every acquaintance of Dr. Johnson; and those who are curious about the family affairs of Fanny Burney have often come upon his name. For the rest, Mr. Hutton compresses what is essential into two sentences:

> Samuel Crisp was a man of letters and fashion, who, in 1754, produced at Drury Lane his tragedy of "Virginia," when Garrick himself played Virginius and Mrs. Cibber Virginia. That, for the world, was his title to fame, for the play, if it was not a first-rate success, was much talked of, and was published in the same year by Tonson.

Descended from Sir Nicholas Crisp, who is alleged to have spent £100,000 on behalf of Charles I., the author of "Virginia" had good social connections, and either at Chessington or London lived a peaceful, interested existence upon the fringe of the literary and fashionable world. His letters to Mrs. Gast, however, do not convey much gossip regarding either movements of thought or the personal habits of wits and authors. Those which are here published were written when he was an elderly invalid, a little nervous about his investments.

The one friendship of interest which stands out in Mr. Crisp's epistles is that with Dr. Burney and his daughter. The Thrales, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, and other celebrated persons, come in at intervals, but, save for the Thrales, without leaving a very distinct impression of Mr. Crisp's attitude towards them. We have noticed no more brilliant incident than a dinner at the Thrales', which seems to have been on a plane with the host's wealth.

> I met a vast deal of company at Streatham, where everything was most splendid and magnificent—two courses of twenty-one dishes each, besides Removes; and after that a dessert of a piece with the Dinner—Pines and Fruits of all Sorts. Ices, Creams, &., &., &., without end—everything in plate, of which such a profusion, and such a Side Board: I never saw such at any Nobleman's. A most Gracious Reception, and such pressing invitations to stay as I could hardly escape; but I got away, and reach'd home by 9 o'clock, and glad I was to creep again into my own Nest."

A passage of somewhat greater intrinsic interest (p. 72) relates to the effect produced by Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, upon the mind of a small investor who is afraid of losing his principal. To compare small people with great, it recalls Darwin's fear lest the discovery of gold in Australia should be the ruin of his children by lowering the value of his investments. "At present," says Mr. Crisp, writing on December 29, 1781, "the prospect is dreadful. . . . In times of such horrible Danger hardly anything but hard Gold seems secure, and the growing Interest seems scarcely an Equivalent for the Risk of the Principal."

If Mr. Crisp may be called a star of small magnitude, his sister Mrs. Gast is hardly more than a speck in the Milky Way. She was good to the poor, disliked Nonconformity, was a friend of Molly Lenthall at Burford Priory, and was praised by the local newspaper in an epitaph which, from its length, could not have been put upon any ordinary tombstone. Miss Austen might have found material for a character in Mrs. Gast, but untouched by the spell of another's genius, she seems a commonplace person. For biographical zealots, she enjoys the advantage of having flourished in the eighteenth century and corresponded with the author of "Evelina." Samuel Crisp, by the way, thought that the emoluments drawn by Miss Burney from literature came very easily. Apropos of the sum paid for "Cecilia," he writes: "A pretty Spill (£300), for a young girl in a few months to get by sitting still in her Chamber by a good Fire!"

Mr. Hutton's essays are much better reading than Mr. Crisp's letters, and deserve well at the hands of all who love the eighteenth century. In one of them it is pointed out that the Oxford don of the present day knows much more about foreign literature than was known by his predecessor of a hundred years ago. Incidentally, Mr. Hutton's own essays bear out this statement. They draw inspiration from many sources, and though written by a clergyman of the High Church party, are informed with a cosmopolitan spirit. Whether the subject be Raphael Mengs, the Stuarts in Exile, the life of Bath, or the minor poets of the eighteenth century, there is always an adequate fund of information. That the touch is not heavy may be seen from a single characteristic sentence, which occurs in one of the papers on Bath: "Here Wesley preached, and Burke meditated, and Anstey satirized, and every person we have ever heard of—except Hannah More—gambled."

On the whole, the best section in this diversified volume is a group of eight studies "On the Religion of a Century." We have styled Mr. Hutton a High Churchman, and he is not unwilling to amuse himself at the expense of Whig ecclesiastics, like Bishop Watson of Llandaff and Sydney Smith. But his prepossessions do not make him disagreeable, while at times they add spice to his criticism of latitudinarians. His feeling for John Wesley is sympathy and admiration, heightened perhaps a little by the circumstance that the great evangelist looked upon himself to the last as a member of the Church of England.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

A distinct reaction against morbid tendencies may be observed in much of the recent German fiction. Kurt Martens, the author of the "Roman aus der Dekadenz," and other stories which ranked him with the best novelists of the modern school, has just published a new book which deserves some notice. "Kreislauf der Liebe" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) has for sub-title "the story of the better man," and is a charming piece of still life, with just enough of narrative in it to keep up a steady interest. The local background is provincial, the intimate *milieu* of the hero being a quiet bachelor home, regulated as much by the set official duties of the "Herr Assessor" as by the pedantry native to him. Yet there is a flavor of idealism throughout, and there are passages of a delightful humor. The opening scene is unique—with the sonorous bass of the Herr Assessor dramatically declaiming in his office a love poem which has just come from his pen, while the complainants, defendants, and witnesses are waiting for him in the corridor of the court building, and the officers on duty whisper to each other, "the Herr Assessor is writing poetry." The character of the dear old-fashioned Assessor Nothaas stands out against this background in

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strong, clear lines. It is plain from the outset that he is not a match for his friend Karstens, the artist, with the traditional egotism and Bohemianism of genius. As a whole the story is a great relief after the pictures of morbid psychology in which Martens formerly indulged.

The reaction is even more distinctly emphasized in a story by Georg von Ompteda, "Normalmenschen," published by the same house. Obeying the voice of duty, the hero, a lieutenant in the army, so normal as to be almost commonplace, renounces an innocent love affair with a girl of humble birth and slender purse, and in the hope of advancement marries a girl of wealth and connections. But his abilities are in no way remarkable, and he is not promoted. The simple, straightforward and unadorned way in which the author tells this story has an indefinable charm. Ompteda is a master in the portrayal of German military types, of the impoverished nobility, and of the unmarried middle-class woman. His style is clear and easy.

Quite another spirit reigns in "Ingeborg," by Bernhard Kellermann (S. Fischer, Berlin), whose previous work, "Yester und Li," challenged attention and caused him to be looked upon as a writer henceforth to be reckoned with. This is a story of sentiment and passion in so fanciful a setting, as to call forth the question, whether it is not a romance of some remote period. There is no breath in it of the workaday world, but a holiday spirit, and an air almost of sanctity. The hero is all purity, justice, and love. The woman is a more tangible creature, a child of nature, a woodman's daughter with the voice and the artistic instincts of her dead mother. Of course there is a third, their friend, a poet, who leaves when he sees danger of disturbing the idyl. Yet the end comes, without bitterness, without jealousy, without a dramatic climax. The tragedy is not in what is done, but in what is felt. The book is a record of intense emotions, of genuine sentiments, but not of nerve-sensations. It is fanciful, perhaps extravagant, but it is sound throughout. There is for the most part a real charm in the author's language, although he sometimes lapses into the *staccato* movement of the modern school.

"Schwuele Tage," by E. von Keyserling (S. Fischer, Berlin), is a volume of three remarkable short stories, amply justifying the title Sultry Days. "The first story "Harmonie," is one of nerves. There are the healthy nerves of the hero, who would enjoy nothing better than a little work in the fields on his own estate; but such work is distasteful to his wife, who has the diseased nerves of her maternal ancestors. The return of the husband to his home, only to find that his wife's ailment has estranged them, is a fine bit of dramatic impressionism. There is grim humor in the description of the family dinners which pass off like important social functions. There is even a suggestion of satire, when the convalescent outlines the programme for the evening: crab soup, snipes, *pain d'ananas*, champagne, twilight in the blue room and the nightingale. Primitive instincts and primitive customs are the burden of the second story, "Die Soldatenkersta," which depicts humorously one phase of recruit life. The book receives its title from the third story, which like the first begins with a return. A college boy, who has failed in examinations, is forced to spend the summer alone with his father in the large manor house, while mother and sisters are away on their vacation. Father and son had always stood aloof from each other. Now the boy begins to study his progenitor, and in doing so picks up the threads of a romance which links his young cousin to the elderly man. The psychology is subtle, and reminds one of the manner of our Henry James, who as yet has not been discovered in Germany.

Gerhard Ouckama Knoop is a writer of some originality, but there is an irritating diffuseness about his work. "Nedeshda Bachini" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) is the story of a woman's quest for love, a grotesque Odyssey of errors. Madame is a widow of rather incongruous international descent, her views are broad, and she encounters many adventures, some serious, others humorous, which she duly confesses to a faithful trio of brotherly friends.

A number of books which seem to be the direct products of a Rosegger school have recently appeared. One of these is Max Geissler's "Huetten im Hochland" (L. Staackmann, Leipzig), a splendid story of mountaineer life, near the Bavarian border. Simple life and simple manners—there is nothing complicated about the characters or the plot. The fate of these people runs its straight and plain course, logical as the operation of nature's forces. With their strong untutored instincts they work out their own destiny, be it good or evil. A unique situation is presented in the chapter where Wenz am Kreuz meets the woman who had jilted him to marry another. The hour in which she refused him he had stopped his old clock and never wound it since. Now that she is a widow her matter-of-fact nature sees nothing wrong in openly courting him. But he is of a more delicate fibre and her advances kill the sentiment he has been cherishing for years. There are other interesting glimpses of simple soul life, as for instance the gradual blunting of the moral sense in a child not naturally a criminal. The nature scenes are almost equal to Rosegger's. The stillness and the solitude of this snowbound world are admirably suggested.

The same firm has published a new volume of stories by Rosegger himself, "Wildlinge," which are full of the charm that has endeared the author to readers all over the world. It is the charm of simplicity and sincerity. Rosegger is to-day what he has been from the beginning: a woodland bird singing on in his untutored way and defying the subtle analysis of scholarly critics. So he describes himself in the preface to the new book: "If even to-day I am fond of calling myself the *Waldbauerbub*, it is only to call attention once more to the standard which is to be applied to my work; æsthetically a low one, ethically a high one." So the author, himself, a "wildling"—why not use a direct transcription of the word he has coined?—tells in this volume some stories of his own crude youth, with many a reminiscence of scenes and characters long treasured in his memory. Nature finds in him an interpreter of almost solemn seriousness. It is sacred to him, for he sees in it the work of the Creator. "Ein Lied von ewigen Dingen," is indeed a song of things eternal. Others are remarkable for their humor, as the story of Naz, the country tailor, whose apprentice the author had been in his boyhood; and the story of the vagabond known as the Waldteufel.

THE INFLUENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE ON SCANDINAVIAN CIVILIZATION.

On the Fomorians and the Norsemen. By Duald Mac Firbis. The original Irish text, edited, with translation and notes, by Alexander Bugge. Christiania.

Caithreim Cellachain Caisil: The Victorious Career of Cellachan of Cashel. The original Irish text, edited, with translation and notes, by Alexander Bugge. Christiania.

Vesterlandenes Indflydelse paa Nordboernes ydre Kultur, Levesæt og Samhundsforhold i Vikingetinden. Af Alexander Bugge, Christiania.

Vikingerne: Billeder fra vore Forfædres Liv. I. and II. Af Alexander Bugge. Christiania.

The influence of Christian, and particularly Irish, civilization on the Scandinavian nations during the Viking age has long been a recognized fact, and much valuable work in establishing the extent of this influence has been done by earlier Scandinavian historians, such as the Norwegian P. A. Munch, who, with his wide learning and constructive genius, had a clearer insight into this difficult question than many of his juniors; and the Dane, Steenstrup, who, in his epoch-making work on the "Normans," has thrown a flood of light on the early relations of the Scandinavians with Celts, Franks, and Anglo-Saxons. Yet it was left to the youthful author of the works mentioned at the head of this article to go straight to the fountain-spring, and, by a thorough study of the old Irish language and early Irish texts, to gain the knowledge necessary for an intelligent grasp of the subject.

The first two works named above are editions of Irish historical texts, which, on account of their bearing on Norwegian history, the editor has chosen to render accessible to a larger public by attaching an English translation, together with copious notes. The publication is at the expense of the Norwegian Government. The last work in the list is a popular presentation, in two volumes, of the author's views and conclusions. Written as they are in an easy and interesting vein, these essays describe the social and political evolution of Scandinavia in a period which has not before been treated in a way at once scientific and popular. Several of them, indeed, touching important phases of early English history, deserve translation into English.

After the return of Fridtjof Nansen from his polar expedition there was subscribed in Norway "The Fridtjof Nansen Fund for the Promotion of Science," which offered its first prize for a work upon the influence of western Europe on early Scandinavian, particularly Norwegian, civilization. This

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induced the composition of the third work under review. The author is the son of the philologist, Prof. Sophus Bugge, and is himself a professor of history in the University of Christiania, having succeeded to the chair left vacant by the death of Prof. Gustav Storm. In about 400 octavo pages he examines the influence of western European civilization during the Viking Period on public administration (the royal power) in Norway, as well as, less exhaustively, in Sweden and Denmark, on dress, ornamentation and furniture, on commerce, ships and shipbuilding, as well as on the art of war, agriculture and cattle-raising, coinage, and pictorial art. A final chapter treats the Norwegian colonies in Iceland and the Faroe Islands, and the influence of Irish and Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Professor Bugge shows that Harold the Fairhaired, in establishing a centralized royal power in united Norway, was guided by the example of Charlemagne and his successors as well as by that of the Anglo-Saxon kings; and that this foreign influence exerted itself not only on the political but also on the social arrangement of his administration and his court. Thus, his surrounding himself with a number of court skalds, or poets laureate, was in all probability due to Irish court customs, with which he and Norwegians generally must have been familiar through the connection between the people at home and the Norwegian kingdom in Dublin, then established for more than a generation, and ruled over by kings closely related to Harold himself. In many respects we are compelled to modify our former opinion of the Vikings as pirates and outlaws, a scourge to the countries visited by them. They came to western Europe not solely on warfare bent, but more often as merchants, bringing the goods of southern and western Europe to the shores of the Baltic and the trading-places of Russia, and again bearing staples of the Orient to western Europe. Norsemen taught other European nations the art of sailing the open sea without putting into port over night, as had been the custom heretofore. Although the Vikings were good fighters, they had much to learn in scientific warfare from the nations whose lands and cities they devastated; the employment of cavalry, in particular, they borrowed from their adversaries. In the same way they borrowed not only the art of fortifying cities—an art which the Norsemen in their turn introduced into Ireland—but also that of besieging and assaulting fortified cities scientifically.

Coinage was unknown in Scandinavia before the Viking period, the imitations of Roman and other coins which were previously produced having served merely as ornaments, not as a circulating medium. The first money coined by a Scandinavian seems to have been that bearing the stamp of the Danish sea-king Halfdan, one of Lodbrok's sons, coined during his sojourn with the great Viking army at London (871-872); but apparently the mint masters were Frankish rather than Anglo-Saxon.

Coming to ornament, particularly on the runic stones, of which many have been preserved, chiefly in Sweden, it appears that these stones present striking similarities to Christian stone monuments in England, and above all in the Isle of Man, which was conquered by the Norsemen, and where traces of Norwegian language and institutions are still found. This artistic influence may have exerted itself through peaceful trade connections which existed from a very early period between the Swedish town Birka (now Björkö in the Mälar Lake) via Gotland, on one side, and English and Frisian cities (especially Dorestad, whose coins are found in great numbers in Gotland and on the mainland of Sweden) on the other.

Taken as a whole, the works here briefly reviewed bear eloquent testimony to the learning, industry, and talent of the young author, *filius præclaro patre dignus.*

OSCAR WILDE.

The Life of Oscar Wilde. By R. H. Sherard. London: T. Werner Laurie; New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Whether there is any *raison d'être* or not for a life of Oscar Wilde, the writing of such a biography is, at all events, attended with unusual difficulty. What can be told about the man, is already pretty well known, and there is little enough of it at best; whereas what is generally unknown, cannot be told at all. The result is that such a biography, as far as it is not impertinent, must be either a rather vague and unsubstantial apology, or else a bold and dashing denunciation. Of these alternatives, Mr. Sherard has chosen the former, and under the circumstances the choice is rather unfortunate. Not that Mr. Sherard is a partisan exactly; he is disposed to be fair and judicial. But as there is so much, in the nature of the case, to be suppressed, so much, too, which can be only alluded to, his book has a decided air of whitewashing. Nor is the effect entirely the fault of the subject and the circumstances. Mr. Sherard's tones are not quite clear; his moral philosophy is not quite robust and direct enough for the terrible problem of human responsibility and error with which he has to deal; while he is still further confused by the distracting hubbub of creed and opinion which constantly dins the ears of the modern critic. As an apologist he is always in a frightful dilemma. He has to save his author's wits at the expense of his character, or his character at the expense of his wits. So, for example, he represents Oscar Wilde the æsthete as no such fool as he seemed, but as merely posing for notoriety, playing "a double-faced rôle" for the sake of the advertising he might get out of it:

> He knew . . . little about painting, and in the matter of furniture, tapestries, wall papers, and architecture he was no more of a *connoisseur* than is any man who assimilates the current modes and the chatter of the arbiters. It is a fact that music bored him; it is a fact that he had no knowledge of any instrument; it is probable that he could with difficulty distinguish one tune from another. Yet he was forced to pose as a *connoisseur*, and to speak and write about musicians and music with the air of one who was profoundly versed in all the technicalities of the art.

While on the other hand he seeks to excuse the errors of later life by a "psychopathia" analogous to that of the drunkard who is unconscious and irresponsible with regard to his worst acts:

> After each crisis Oscar Wilde seems to have been totally unconscious of having done anything bad, detestable, shameful, or even unusual. Under no other condition could he have maintained the serene and tranquil dignity which stamped him in his sane moments. . . . Such consummate dissimulation, where it is not hypocrisy—and Oscar Wilde was no hypocrite, could not be a hypocrite, was too arrogant to be a hypocrite—is invariably the concomitant of the worst forms of madness.

And this of the man who has been represented as a master of duplicity, playing his part for an easy celebrity!

But the moral confusion and obliquity are increased by the writer's scientific pretensions. "It is such a pity," he complains in the midst of this very passage just quoted, "that people, because they are still under the stupid domination of the Church, will not approach these matters in a purely scientific spirit." It does not seem to occur to him that it is for the specialist alone that "these matters" are properly scientific; for most of us they are still moral matters, after all. And it is for this reason that his explanation of Oscar Wilde's unpopularity with the respectable is so erroneous, scientific though it may be:

> There is much of the moping owl in a large section of our stolid Britishry, and people of that category dislike nothing more intensely than the man of radio-activity who bustles into the stagnate area of their gelid dulness, and interferes with their somnolent eupepsia. To be forced to think; to be forced to laugh, to be taught things, in one word to be interfered with. No! No! No!

This may not be a favorable specimen of Mr. Sherard's science or of his English, but it is fairly illustrative of the insecurity of both; while as a consequence of all these causes of confusion he falls into a very unpleasant and misleading ambiguity of tone with respect to his subject in general. Oscar Wilde may have been a great talker; and, in default of any very large or solid literary residuum, it may be fair to argue that his reputation as a wit should rest mainly on that basis. But it is hardly decent, in such a connection, after remarking that "the greatest philosophers, the men who gave new religions to the world, did not write; they talked," to ask, "Did Christ write, did Mahound write, did Socrates write?" nor does it seem precisely in character to make the judgment of such a man a subject of unqualified pathos. At the same time, it should seem, there can be no doubt about Oscar Wilde's charm when at his best, no question about his unusual gifts—and the writer has done well to set them in a strong light. But with all that there is moral confusion enough in the world already without extending it to so plain a case.

The True Story of Paul Revere. By Charles Ferris Gettemy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

It is one thing to break an image—a highly popular image—and another to piece it together again in a half-relenting way, and set it up on a pedestal of one's own restoration. All this, and more, Mr. Gettemy has done, for the cracks and seams

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exposed in the character of Paul Revere do but render this worthy man more appreciable, humanly and historically, while his legendary virtues sink advantageously away.

North End reared and taught. Revere was a seasoned Bostonian before the years of his true importance came to him on the threshold of middle life. He had by then followed his father's trade of gold and silver-smithing, served as a soldier, been bound over to keep the peace for assault and battery, dealt in artificial teeth, and displayed some proficiency in copper-engraving, which he used in caricature, supplementing his art with the least notable of his various achievements, patriotic verse. Dating from the Stamp Act period, Revere's training in Boston affairs for some years had been shaping him into a revolutionist of a distinct type. A Freemason, a Son of Liberty, with a relish for the mystery and excitement of secret meetings and town caucuses, he was so imbued with the spirit of American politics and its invariable demand for the *quid pro quo*, that we may allow ourselves to wonder to what heights he might have risen, or to what depths sunk, had it been Paul Revere's fate to live a hundred years later. As early as 1773 he was known in the doggerel of the hour as "bold Revere," and was ready, no doubt, in spite of the burden of a large family, for any venture which promised a risk. He began to carry messages from the Committees of Correspondence between Boston and New York, and even Philadelphia. "Steady, vigorous, sensible, and persevering," as Dr. Thomas Young called him, he did this work effectively and gained repute thereby.

Mr. Gettemy's interpretation of the Midnight Ride is not Mr. Longfellow's; but there is no destruction in his conclusion that Revere's ride of April 16, to inform Hancock and Adams that the British were planning an expedition, probably to seize the stores at Concord, vied in importance with that more famous enterprise of two nights later.

Left a widower with a well-filled quiver and soon remarried, Revere now began to make his service as a courier of patriotism profitable toward the support of his family; but, alas for the brightness of his laurels! his bills were not always audited for the amounts charged. The Massachusetts Council cut his account for riding from five to four shillings a day, and even shaved his bill for printing money for the army. Mr. Gettemy cites other instances where the Government held that this patriot of many occupations was charging too high prices. Used to trading, it is probable that Revere regarded these financial criticisms as quite in the ordinary way of business, for there is no record of any protest against the economical moods of those who employed him; in fact, his true patriotism may have begun where his commercial spirit knew when it was best to stop.

Of the several adverse happenings in his career, the severest was the charge against him of disobedience and neglect during the Penobscot Expedition under General Lovell and Commodore Saltonstall—an expedition as inglorious as the march of the noble Duke of York. Inactivity and desertion marked its short campaign. Persistently demanding a court-martial, Revere finally received this doubtful privilege, and was definitely if not triumphantly acquitted of the stigma of dishonorable conduct. Cowardice was so little in accord with his general character, that this verdict of a friendly court will probably satisfy the demands of historic scrutiny. As a soldier Revere made no mark; he was probably too pronounced a personality for customary discipline, though well fitted for adventure; his fame must rest on brilliant episodes.

The war over, Revere, failing to get the coveted reward of heroes—a public office—returned to the making of an honest livelihood. Mr. Gettemy says that Revere manufactured gunpowder during the Revolution. This is a mistake. He did, however, supervise the making of powder by one Evedon, and purchased it for the Government. From powder to the founding of cannon was not a long step, but it led to the establishment of a business substantial and creditable to the Revere family. Identified with all common interests of his day, with a fondness for civic prominence, it was natural for Paul Revere to shine in the ranks of freemasonry and to "belong" to various associations peculiar to the taste of the average citizen. He survived the War of 1812, during which he volunteered the service of his fourscore years to help throw up fortifications. He died a few years later, with blemishes forgotten, receiving honors according to his deserts. Mr. Gettemy's reserved but commendable study does not probe deep, but it is truthful and scrupulous in its intent. He has not, however, over-stated his indebtedness to E. H. Goss's previous work. A suitable index, attractive half-tones, and Stuart's portrait of his subject, add to the value of the present volume.

The Diary of William Bentley, D. D., Pastor of the East Church, Salem, Mass. Volume 1. April 1784—December, 1792. Salem: The Essex Institute.

William Bentley was a man well known and widely honored in his day. He died in 1819, in his sixty-first year, after a pastorate of thirty-six years, leaving a vast volume of manuscript remains, including sermons, letters, notes on natural history, meteorological observations, parish records, and his diary. A few sermons and addresses were published during his life, and selections from his historical notes have appeared in print from time to time. But his most important work, his diary, has remained in the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester. By the coöperation of this society and the Essex Institute of Salem, the first volume, covering a period of eight years, has now been published in a substantial octavo of five hundred pages. It is prefaced with a brief biographical sketch, prepared by the late Judge Joseph G. Waters, which recalls Dr. Bentley's extraordinary linguistic attainments, his love of scientific and historical pursuits, and the high esteem in which he was held by his own people, as well as by Presidents Adams and Jefferson, each of whom pressed him to accept high office. But the diary is better than any biography as a revealer of his true life.

A diary, to be sure, is a dangerous thing for the reputation of its writer, especially if he resolve, as Bentley did, to write something every day in the year; and it may be questioned if it is fair to proclaim upon the housetops what a man said to himself in the secret place of his diary. The excellent Nathaniel Rogers, minister of Ipswich, required of his executor that he should burn his diary, evidently fearing the posthumous revelation of his inmost life to a critical world. A deal of Dr. Bentley's had been more wisely burned than published. It is a vast conglomeration of very miscellaneous material. Much of it is of trifling significance, stories of excursions to neighboring towns, his fishing and bathing in the harbor, and commonplace annals of a quiet town. Much is gossipy and frivolous, tales of his tea-drinkings and his petty variance with his landlady and newsmongers. He had a passion for minutiæ, and endless industry in recording names, figures, and facts. He thought highly of his own talents as poet, scholar, and critic at large, and his diary parades his deliverances as the obsequious Boswell recorded the sayings of the great Dr. Johnson. He had a pedantic way of narrating some of his commonplaces in Latin or French, strangely jumbled with snatches of poetry, sage moral reflections, and briefs of letters. As a literary composition, all this will prove a weariness of the flesh to the reader.

Nevertheless, this robust, Johnsonesque parish minister is a very entertaining figure, a strong, kindly, though often sharp-tongued, man among men. He has preserved a vivid and valuable picture of the church life. With loving attention to the smallest detail, he wrote down the names of all the people of his parish and much of their history. Hot religious bickerings were the order of the day. Young Bentley was a warm advocate of the new Unitarian creed. Universalism and Methodism were rising up in sharp rivalry with the old Puritan faith. Anabaptists, New Lights, and "Hopkintonians" were asserting themselves. Apostles of the new order were abroad on itinerating tours. There were controversial disputes in the newspapers. The diary reveals its writer as fond of disputation, but his sharpness and rancor were probably typical of the spirit of the day. Jesse Lee, the famous Methodist, preached one evening in Salem. Bentley's verdict was, that he "so generally disgusted a large audience that he has finished his work in this town." In a newspaper article he replied to "the infamous Cleveland of Ipswich" (the Chebacco parish, now Essex), who had been calumniating the Universalists. "A more hardened wretch," he says, "scarcely ever appeared." The Anabaptists were upon the river in Beverly "immersing their disciples in water and ignorance." He rejoices in everything that is opposed to Calvinism and tends to shake "the abominable doctrine of the Trinity."

Bentley's chronicles of the town are of great interest. He went about the streets remarking on the houses and other buildings and investigating the sites of ancient homes. He frequented the shipyards and the wharves. Political affairs, too, interested him. He deplored the prevalence of lotteries, which were resorted to by the State and by towns in behalf of measures of public improvement.

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When the small-pox epidemic appeared in 1792, he began at once careful observations of the value of the newly discovered inoculation. Taking large personal risks he visited hospitals, preached there on Sundays, and recorded full details of the progress of the disease. We admire this fine abandon of the man of gown and bands. We honor the scholastic spirit that led him to resolve "to insert a criticism of every work printed in America, within my knowledge, and as much of its American history as is convenient."

The genealogist will find much of value in the endless lists of names and vital statistics. The local antiquarian will welcome the topographical notes. A larger public will find beneath the pedantries, the trivialities, the jealousies, the strong life of an earnest, laborious, large-souled and sympathetic man.

Gothic Architecture in England: An Analysis of the Origin and Development of English Architecture from the Norman Conquest to the Dissolution of the Monasteries. By Francis Bond, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. With 1,254 illustrations, comprising 785 photographs, Sketches, and Measured Drawings, and 469 Plans, Sections, Diagrams, and Mouldings. Pp. xxii., 782. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906. $12 net.

This is a scholar's book. It is a very large octavo, having, besides the preface, a rather full introduction, a "Chronology of English Churches," twenty pages long, an index to illustrations, an index of places, and an "Index of Subject-matter and Glossary." Besides the illustrations in the body of the work there is a series of plates of spires, a series of plans of piers and sections through arches and ribs, similar sections through ground courses and "springs," sections through the jambs of doorways and jambs and mullions of windows; and in these are given an immense number of those mouldings which are made of so great account in the chronology of English Gothic Architecture. It is, we repeat, a scholar's book. The material is drawn from a thousand sources; the illustrations from the old books, Brandon, Sharpe, Pugin, Parker, Colling, Johnson, Wickes, and the rest, and from many recent writers as well; the text from many authorities, who are here recognized fully and balanced one against another. There is no pretence of original knowledge, like that which we had to reckon with in the case of Mr. Bloomfield's book recently reviewed in these columns; no claim of that exemption from ordinary rules of literary production which is sometimes asserted for the practised artist, less familiar with criticism than with production.

One approach only to practical knowledge is claimed by Mr. Bond: his work with photography. Indeed, he says that "it has been the writer's pleasant task to visit nearly every important church in England, camera in hand." This work with the camera means a great deal of observation, a great deal of prying into details, the constant exercise of choice with regard to points of view and the truest effectiveness of a composition. And so the author has been able to study his subject, no doubt, while photography has also made it possible to include the wealth of illustration advertised in the title.

A chapter is devoted to definitions, and the reader plunges at once into that controversy with Mr. Bond's predecessors in the field, which is hardly to be avoided in a book pretending to encyclopædic fulness. Mr. Bond is sure that "architecture is the art of building in general," and will not hear of any limited definitions more restrained because intended to be more accurate. However, the precise definition of such great and comprehensive terms is as nearly impossible as any intellectual task can be. The word Romanesque is taken up, and Quicherat's perfect and logical definition is dismissed at once (p. 6) as not explaining the whole body of the art—seven centuries at one effort and in twenty words. Then there is given the definition of Anthyme St. Paul, which is ingenious and critical, and embodies a brief history of early Christian architecture. Then come Viollet-le-Duc's words about Romanesque, which are also historically accurate if not quite comprehensive enough, and this last formula is accepted by Mr. Bond, if we understand his meaning aright. But even here there is doubt, because a footnote admits the extreme uncertainty which we know to exist as to whether the term Romanesque should cover many schools, East and West, or one school only. These doubts, once stated, leave us ready to receive the impression of quite infinite uncertainty as to the meaning of Gothic; yet we welcome so much of certainty as that which binds the Gothic style inseparably to Romanesque as being the greater and more refined thing to which the cruder style led up.

Chapter II. deals with the characteristics of Romanesque; four chapters deal with the characteristics of English Gothic; fifty pages in Chapter VII. present a "chronological history of the greater English churches" (a matter quite separate from the list of dated buildings mentioned above); and so with p. 145 begins Part II., and that which would seem to be the real subject of the book. This part, divided into 34 chapters and containing 500 pages, is a very complete analysis of mediæval church architecture in England; and the reader is reminded that the secondary title, as given above, limits the subject to the English churches for four centuries and a half. This analysis is pushed so far that the pillar or pier is treated as a principal subject in two chapters, and elsewhere in connection with the vault; that the vault itself, with its buttresses, takes up seven chapters, and that other chapters are specially told off for the minor constructional elements on the one hand, and on the other hand for the great features of the plan—the choir, the nave, the galilee, the transept, eastern and western, the porch and the Chantry Chapel.

We have, then, an all-embracing work like a cyclopædia of a special subject, but arranged logically instead of by alphabetical sequence. The danger here, as in other cyclopædias, is of omitting very important considerations. How can the author and compiler be sure that every important form of window-tracery and every important element in its growth and decline has been thought of and presented in its proper place? How can he guarantee it, and how can the reader feel assured that the mediæval capital, for instance, has been fully analyzed? These questions, however, are of little importance to those who consider that here is an enormous amount of matter, rather novel in its sources and certainly novel in its arrangement; that all this matter is made fairly easy of access by indices; and that, under any circumstances he, the student, would have to turn to other books—that no one work contains all the information which might reasonably be asked for.

Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition. By John I. Beare. Henry Frowde.

Greek psychology, in the sense of the doctrine of the "Soul," is treated at large in the voluminous but uncritical work of Chaignet. Without committing himself to any dogma of "psychology without a soul," Professor Beare, of the University of Dublin, has seen that "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition from Alcmæon to Aristotle" is a much more definite and profitable topic of study. As respects the ultimate problems of epistemology and the relation of mind to body the progress of science has added little to the speculations of the Greeks; and Plato's "Theætetus," rightly interpreted, says the last word far more effectively than either the physiological psychologists or the neo-Kantians of to-day can say it. It is still true that we do not, strictly speaking, see with the eye or hear with the ear, but through them. It is still "a monstrous supposition that a mob of sense-perceptions sits within us (like the Greeks in the Trojan Horse) not unified by the apperception of some central form, call it soul or what you will."

What Professor Beare has done is to set forth the theory of the five senses as it appears in Alcmæon, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Diogenes of Apollonia, Plato, and Aristotle, supplemented by a discussion of the common features of sensation in general, and the Aristotelian doctrine of the *sensus communis*. The texts of the Pre-Socratics were already collected for him in Diels' "Doxographi" and "Vorsokratiker." He has translated, paraphrased, and explained the relevant passages, and so provided an interpretation which scholars must consider, and a trustworthy book of reference for those who cannot use the originals. More interesting in continuous perusal are the concluding chapters on sensation in general and the *sensus communis*, which present the substance of the Platonic and Aristotelian psychology with the omission of Plato's "proofs" of immortality, and the hopeless controversy concerning Aristotle's doctrine of the noetic soul.

Judicious as these limitations and the attempted exclusion of epistemology may be, the result is a somewhat distorted impression of the true relation of Plato to Aristotle and of the real character of the Aristotelian philosophy. Professor Beare may not share, but his book will confirm, the prevailing idea that as Aristotle undoubtedly had more of the scientist's patient enthusiasm for detail than his master, so his thought is more truly scientific than Plato's,

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Yet in fact Aristotle's acceptance of the heart as the sensory centre is a distinct retrogression from Plato's teaching, and his doctrine of a common sensory is not so near the truth as we apprehend it, as is Plato's reference of the intellectual and universal element in sense-perception to the synthesis of the mind. The rigid separation of synthesis in sense perception from the synthesis of thought categories is the chief error of Kant, or of one interpretation of Kant. As Professor Beare himself admits (p. 260), "no psychologist has ever been able to answer satisfactorily the question where sense perception ends and thinking commences." Why, then, should he treat Aristotle's confused and inconsistent theory of a common sensory as a distinct advance upon Plato? The historical importance of the doctrine justifies the interesting chapter which Mr. Beare devotes to it. But only the *à priori* superstition of progress can treat it as a real step in advance.

Mr. Beare's scholarship is sound: He challenges Diels not unsuccessfully in the interpretation of Empedocles, and proposes (p. 321) an ingenious if unprovable solution of the well known *crux* in "De Memoria," 452b, 17-24. He rarely errs unless it be where doubt is permissible. On page 51 the reference of ἐκείνων παθήματα in Tim. 67c.-*seq.* should be not to τοῖς τῆς ὄψεως μέρεσιν, but to τὰ φερόμενα . . . μόρια ἐμπίπτοντά· Compare Tim. 43c. τὰ τῶν προσπιπτόντων παθήματα, and 61c. τὰ δὲ παθήματα αὐτῶν. The useful bibliography shows that Mr. Beare has studied the literature of his subject. He strangely overlooks Rodier's monumental edition of the "De Anima," a reference to which would have helped his interpretation of the technical term μεσότης which Zeller misapprehends.

The Religion of Numa, and Other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome. By Jesse Benedict Carter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The five essays of this little volume aim to give merely an outline sketch of the development of Roman religion, from the earliest period accessible to modern research down to the death of Augustus. As a pupil and admirer of Georg Wissowa, Professor Carter bases his work on the results of careful research, and has supplied a much-needed introduction to the more extended and difficult literature of the subject. While accepting in general his correction of current misconceptions concerning the various accretions upon the primitive Roman faith, from Greek, Egyptian, and Asiatic sources, one may question whether the effect of these accretions was so wholly bad as the author seems to regard them. Dr. Samuel Dill has well emphasized the fact that certain of these Eastern cults had in them elements of a higher spiritual life than could be developed out of the older Roman faith unaided, and that the Roman tendency to resort to them was often the result of a genuine soul-hunger for just this higher side, and not for the demoralizing features associated with it. To the introduction of Apollo, probably from Southern Italy, towards the close of the kingdom, is attributed the later arrival of the Sibylline superstition, with all its harmful accompaniments. Was the welcome of the Sibyl, however, really the cause of the religious degradation so naturally associated with it in thought, or was the Sibyl seized upon as an appropriate tool for deteriorating forces already effectively at work? It is somewhat like the question whether Americans take to drink because so many foreigners keep saloons, or whether so many foreigners keep saloons because Americans take to drink.

The chapter on the religious renaissance promoted by Augustus is deficient in its dealing with the literary phase of the Emperor's efforts. The extended building and repair of temples, with rigid Imperial attention to the demands of official worship, could do much on the formal side, but, so far as there was any genuine religious life in this renaissance, its awakening was more largely due to a few of the great literary men to whose genius the Imperial court gave encouragement and direction. Professor Carter assigns an important place to Virgil in this field, but the work of Horace is strangely neglected. It is easy to think of Horace as an easy-going man of the world, fairly moral for his age, though caring little for the deeper phases of moral truth; but such is not a correct conception of him. When one reads his entire work with proper attention to the chronology of its composition, assigns much of the lighter part of it to its true Greek origin, and takes at its face value the large proportion which deals sensibly and seriously with actual conditions and springs from the depths of the poet's heart, he will recognize in Horace an instrument as peculiarly fitted to promote the religious policy of Augustus in the lyric field as was Virgil in the epic. No account of the religious movement of the time can be well balanced if it takes no note of him, especially when such evidently inferior religious forces as Tibullus and Propertius are mentioned. We accept as some redress for the grievance of this omission, however, the author's full recognition of that strong and steady undercurrent of genuine though uneventful religious life which flowed right on beneath the surface during the entire period—the solid, though comparatively unthinking, religious and moral basis upon which alone any religious reform, in any land or age, must build.

Journal de l'Estoile: Extraits publiés avec une Notice Bibliographique par Armand Brette, et précédés d'une Introduction par Edme Champion. Paris: Armand Colin. 1906.

M. Champion evidently believes that popular illusions about the "good old times" are not to be classed with harmless errors, but rank among those baneful superstitions which retard the advance of mankind. In his selections from the correspondence of Gui Patin he showed the seamy side of French life during the best days of Louis XIV., and he now draws further illustrations of savagery and ignorance from the period of the later Valois. There are, indeed, other reasons for presenting the memoirs of Pierre de l'Estoile in reduced form, since the original work occupies twelve volumes and is marked by a certain monotony of style which will always prevent it from becoming a rival of Brantôme or Saint-Simon. We feel sure, however, that the present editor is not simply concerned to present, for the sake of vulgarization, a selection of passages from a forgotten author.

A special motive becomes manifest as soon as one has read the last part of the introduction, a chapter wherein M. Champion discusses the French Revolution in the light of the League. La Harpe contended that the Revolution, by virtue of its monstrosities, formed a unique epoch in history, and for the last century this statement has been reiterated by popular writers of every rank from Jephson to Taine. What particularly disturbs M. Champion is the allegation that the excesses of the Terror are ascribable to the philosophical writers of the eighteenth century. When, for example, the Abbé Maury maintains that, truly considered, the execution of Louis XVI. is the work of the Philosophers, he is unable to quote passages from Rousseau or Diderot in favor of regicide simply because they do not exist. On the other hand, the most superficial knowledge of sixteenth-century literature shows how the theologians of the League cited the Bible to justify the murder of Henry III. We select a single passage to indicate how M. Champion stands in this matter as against the clericals who hold up the French Revolution to the execration of mankind.

When L'Estoile writes: "It is the ordinary practice of a Leaguer and the infallible sign of a zealous Catholic always to have the mass and religion on his lips, brigandage at his heart, blood and murder on his hands"; when he adds that "the most execrable parricides and assassinations are deemed miracles and works of God," that the preachers excite popular insolence and fury by their attacks upon the King, whom they style a dog, a tyrant, a heretic (thus making him hated by the crowd), he has under his eyes "placards published at Paris, printed with the license of the Holy Union, seen and approved by doctors of theology."

Moreover, these are not the statements and comments of a Huguenot. L'Estoile was a Catholic.

The "Journal" itself is a most valuable document, and the way in which M. Champion uses it furnishes a striking illustration of the animosity existing between the clericals and liberals of modern France. L'Estoile, like L'Hospital, belonged to the third party, the party of the Politiques, who viewed the recriminations of Leaguers and Huguenots in the spirit made known to us by Montaigne. The passages here brought together are a gruesome revelation of what can be done when the cause of religion is made a cloak for party hatred. Many people think of Vassy and Saint-Bartholomew as isolated episodes, though not only was the spirit which prompted massacres present in France for a whole generation, but there is hardly any break in the chain of atrocities from the beginning of the first civil war under Charles IX. to the accession of Henry IV. Voltaire thought L'Estoile an over-credulous chronicler of the gossip he got in the street. This criticism has some force, but only as it affects details of the "Journal." The record, as a whole, was made in good faith by a man of moderate spirit who hated the excesses of the Huguenots no less than those of the Leaguers. For the historian it is a vast magazine of social facts; to the aspiring but discontented citizen it furnishes a cheering standard of contrast.

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Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Vol. V.: Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This collection of papers read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts is, like most collections of the sort, of unequal value. One series, however, making up about one-half of the volume and dealing with the events that passed between Grant's repulse at Cold Harbor and the failure to take Petersburg two weeks later, is of exceptional interest and value. Of the seven contributors to this page of history three deserve special mention: Gen. W. F. Smith, who failed to take Petersburg and here makes his defence; John C. Ropes, who states the case with his usual clearness and method; Col. Lyman, who, with his racy observation and keen sense of humor, gives us the best reading in the volume.

Several points are brought out by these papers for which one would search our histories and even the War Records in vain; let us take them in order of date. After Lee had thrown back the Federal army at Cold Harbor, Grant's first move of importance was to detach Sheridan with the cavalry corps on a raid to the west of Richmond. As a raid this movement accomplished nothing, but it had an indirect result that nearly proved of decisive importance, though there is no evidence to show whether or not Grant foresaw this. On Lee's finding that the Federal cavalry was raiding in his rear, he detached the bulk of his own cavalry under Wade Hampton to check the movement; the absence of his cavalry led to his failing to keep in touch with the remarkable advance that Grant began on the 12th of June, five days after Sheridan had been detached—a fact that nearly cost Lee Petersburg and Richmond.

Having made up his mind that nothing more could be done to the north of Richmond, Grant decided to carry his army across the James and to attack the Confederate capital from the south. In this movement there were two notable features, first, the transportation problem; secondly, the offensive climax of the operations. The transportation problem was solved splendidly in every detail, for in three days over 100,000 men with long trains of wagons and great herds of cattle—and with Robert Lee on their immediate flank—were marched fifty miles, crossing one small river, the Chickahominy, and one great estuary, the James. On this problem Grant had successfully concentrated all his wonderful abilities; but did he as carefully work out the details of the military operation that should have crowned this great manœuvre? The answer appears to be that at this point Grant fell short of the highest standards, and that his measures were only half measures, lacking that thoroughness of detail which carries success.

The passing of the army across the James was but a means to an end, a means to attack the Confederates in a position more vulnerable than that occupied by Lee at Cold Harbor. That position was Petersburg, twenty miles south of Richmond, where several lines of rail converged from the South and West. Now Petersburg was all but denuded of troops. Lee was bound to mass every available man against the main Federal army, and, what was more, he believed until late in the afternoon of the 17th that Grant was still to the north of the James River. For two days, therefore, Grant was in a position to concentrate overwhelming numbers against Petersburg, but the efforts he made all failed.

Space will not permit an examination of the various causes of the failure to take Petersburg; only three of them must receive brief notice. First, it may be concluded that in June, 1864, Grant had not yet attained the clear perception of the best tactical employment of massed cavalry that he displayed in April, 1865. Had Sheridan's corps been in the van instead of Hancock's, W. F. Smith would certainly have been reinforced in the afternoon of the 15th in time to complete the partial success he had won and to carry Petersburg. Secondly, the dual arrangement whereby Meade commanded the army and Grant commanded Meade, was a false one and had a bad tendency. Thirdly, the staff and higher command was insufficiently organized and improperly selected. It makes one hot with indignation, even now, half a century after the events, to think that, after three years of terrific fighting, it was possible that political corruption and moral cowardice should still be sending to their death brave men under an incompetent grafter like Butler or a drunken coward like Ledlie, described by his own officers as "lying on the ground in a drunken stupor," or "soliciting and obtaining whiskey to stimulate his courage while his division was fighting at the front." Is it any wonder that Grant's plans sometimes failed when their execution was entrusted to such men? And the question of staff organization is nearly akin. Devoted and able officers made serious blunders owing to their lack of a proper staff education, as, for instance, in the matter of Hancock's orders on the 15th of June and in that of the handling of the information as to the state of supply of the Second Corps—a decisive fact, as a trained staff officer would have known.

In conclusion, the Society may be congratulated on a carefully prepared and valuable volume.

The Reformation in England. By S. R. Maitland. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company. 1906. $1.50 net.

This book, although the publishers do not note the fact, is a reprint of a series of essays written more than sixty years ago for the old *British Magazine* and issued afterward (1849) with additions and modifications by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, who died in 1866. The essays, owing to their technical character, have been less popular than Maitland's "Dark Ages"; but until a recent revival of interest in Maitland's writings resulted in a reprint of both volumes, even "The Dark Ages," long out of print, was known to modern students of mediæval history chiefly through references in bibliographies.

Maitland was a man of books rather than of affairs, a writer of great learning, who for many years was librarian at Lambeth Palace, and missed a bishopric mainly because of his eager championship of what he believed to be true both historically and theologically. He was especially gifted with critical acumen, loved an honest controversy, and proved a dangerous opponent to those whose zeal outran their knowledge. As a critic, he was in advance of his time, for he lived in an age when men were either unwilling, or not sufficiently interested, to test the truth of the ecclesiastical histories then current, and when evidences of credulity and partisanship were likely to be found in such works. "The Dark Ages," he said, "were dark only to those who would not understand them"; and he might have added with truth that other accepted views continued to be erroneous because men would not take the trouble to test them by impartial criticism. Though a loyal and orthodox Anglican, he was almost the first Protestant writer in England to do full justice to the work and influence of the Roman Church in the early Middle Ages. He had a delightful sense of humor, a pleasant style that in his essays becomes almost conversational. He was one of the kindliest of men, and, like the late Prof. York Powell, opened freely his stores of knowledge to all who sought him with serious intent.

His "Essays on the Reformation in England" are really studies in historical evidence—the evidence of men like Fox, Strype, Burnett, Paget, and others, whose writings up to that time had been the main source of information for much of the history of the Early Reformation in England. Except for two volumes of State Papers published in 1830, there existed in Maitland's day no official documents of the sixteenth century in print, and writers on the Reformation had to depend on the writings and chronicles of participators and partisans, such as Joye, Greene, Bale, Fox, Knox, and Bradford, either contemporary or nearly contemporary with the events they narrated. Maitland analyzes this evidence with great skill, running to earth exaggerations, noting omissions and suppressions, inconsistencies and contradictions, and laying stress upon instances of deliberate falsification, ribaldry, and political bias. He deals with Calvinist, Anglican, and Roman Catholic alike, and displays no small amount of courage in charging the enemies of the Church of Rome with distortion, trickery, and deceit, particularly in matters relating to the career of Bishop Gardiner and the Marian persecution. Such an outspoken and fearless defence of truth did not increase his popularity among his Protestant brethren, and in part cost him preferment, but it has given him high rank among English historians. The influence of these essays upon the writing of the history of the English Reformation has been great, but so mild and unoffending are they that it is not easy for us, in the presence of modern historical criticism, to understand their revolutionary character. They are deserving of reprinting, not only for their own sake, but also as a tribute to the ability and learning of a great English scholar.

Hawaiian Yesterdays: Chapters from a Boy's Life in the Islands in the Early Days. By Henry M. Lyman, M.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906. 8°, pp. xii., 281. Ills.

This is the story of a son of a missionary to Hawaii. The father, a Connecticut boy, educated at Williams College and Andover

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Seminary, married a Vermont girl, Sarah Joiner in 1831. A few weeks later, with eight other young couples in similar case, they sailed from New Bedford on the long voyage around the Horn. After six months they arrived at Honolulu, and were allotted to the island of Hawaii, where, among the resident missionaries already on the spot, they could learn the language and prepare themselves for their future duties. Ten months after their marriage they began housekeeping in a native house, built chiefly of bamboo and thatched with cane-leaves.

The original idea of the Board was, that its missionaries were sent out for life, that they should live in houses like those of the natives, and subsist upon the coarse and unfamiliar native fare. After much consequent suffering, the managers at Boston finally perceived the poor economy of thus sending educated and capable men and women to inevitable disability and premature death. They began to send lumber for the erection of sanitary and civilized dwellings, and medical men to look after the health of their colonists. Mrs. Lyman suffered seriously from the conditions under which she was obliged to live; her first child did not survive, and the health of the second, the author of this attractive little volume, was for some time trembling in the balance. The book recounts the boy's memories from the time when he could first appreciate his surroundings, to the period when he left the islands with a view to entering an American university and acquiring a professional education.

Those familiar with the conditions of missionary life in such situations at that early day do not need to be told that luxury and selfishness formed no part of it. Others, who have listened to the criticisms of sailors and commercial adventurers, may find their conceptions of that life acceptably cleared by reading this book. A society which produced, for example, an Armstrong of Hampton in the second generation, stands in need of no defence, though an exposition of it may be welcome. This is not a history, an ethnological treatise, or a Sunday-school book, but a pleasantly-told account of the boyhood of a missionary's son in a strange land. As such, we can cordially recommend it. If some other son of worthy sires could take up the story where the author has left it, and carry it on to the more modern era of steam and regular packet service, it would be a praiseworthy undertaking. Our chief criticism is that the narrative seems to terminate somewhat abruptly, leaving the curiosity and interest it awakens not wholly satisfied.

La Fondation de l'Empire Allemand. Par Ernest Denis. Paris: Colin.

This exceptional book marks a turning point in historical knowledge and opinion. It is high time that the world should realize that von Sybel and the other German historians of his period were the victims and interpreters of the political passions of their day. It was, in truth, a great period for Germany, and one would think less of the German whose heart had not beat faster during those anxious years during which Bismarck wrought out the modern German Empire. And if even the illustrious Mommsen, whose studies were of ancient history, could not keep the Hohenzollerns out of his books, surely one may not show disrespect to that far less eminent historian, Von Sybel, in stating that his widely read work on the foundation of the German Empire is more a political pamphlet than accurate history.

For many years after the Franco-Prussian war French writers shunned the subject and left the events of 1870-1871 to be interpreted to the world by the Germans. It is only recently that they have awakened to the fact that history was rapidly becoming perverted, and now we have at last a first-rate book dealing with the events that brought Prussia from the revolutions of 1848 to the culmination at Versailles in January, 1871. Even with the French historical school so strong as at present, it is not too much to say that his present work should earn for Professor Denis a conspicuous reputation. His erudition is searching, his presentation able, his style easy and in passages marked by a stimulating strength of irony and independence of thought. As a rule the most rigid impartiality prevails, and the German achievements are not in the least minimized; towards the end, however, this quality grows less conspicuous. In his account of the Franco-Prussian war Professor Denis cannot entirely forget his own nationality, nor are his military criticisms altogether convincing. Even in the earlier years there are slight shortcomings, as in the account of the Benedetti-Bismarck negotiations of 1866.

Yet as a whole the book is not only of capital importance for the history of the nineteenth century, but it also marks a step in a healthy direction in the methods of historical study. Nothing could show more clearly how fast the reaction is setting against the extremists who have pronounced history to be a science and nothing more than to find a professor of the University of Paris, whose erudition is unimpeachable, disclaiming such a position and backing up his disclaimer by suppressing all footnotes and all references to authorities. This may be going too far, but it is a healthy sign, and the author may be warmly congratulated on his courage and on his remarkable book.

The Constitutional History of New York, from the Beginning of the Colonial Period to the Year 1905; Showing the Origin, Development, and Judicial Construction of the Constitution. By Charles T. Lincoln. 5 vols. Rochester, N. Y.: The Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Company. $15.

We are sorry not to be able to give much space to a work like this, which is not only a monument of industry and research, but a useful historical and legal compilation as well. The author is well qualified for his task, as he was a member of the convention of 1894, and for several years chairman of the Statutory Revision Commission, besides having been legal adviser to three governors.

We can best give an idea of what the book is by saying that it is arranged both historically and by topics. As a whole, it is the history of the constitution of this State, traced from its earliest sources in Magna Charta and the "Charter of Liberties" down to its present form, accompanied by explanations of the political and social changes underlying its development. But, being arranged also by subjects and having a whole volume of tables and indices, it is easy to find either the chronology and rationale of any particular topic —*e. g.*, suffrage, civil service—or, what is often of quite as much importance, the part played in the development of the Constitution by any particular person—*e. g.*, Gov. Tryon, John Jay, J. H. Choate (volume iii. is mainly devoted to the Constitution of 1894, but contains in an appendix the commission and instructions of Tryon—the last expression of the wishes and policy of the old régime, before the adoption of a State government). Of course, the constitutions and amendments come in their historical order, beginning with that of 1777, by no means the worst of them, said to have been in great measure the work of three statesmen, of whom the oldest was thirty and the youngest twenty-four at the time of their appointment.

A characteristic portion of this constitution was the Council of Revision. A veto power over legislation was given to a board consisting of the Governor, the Chancellor, and the judges of the Supreme Court. Under this system of preliminary judicial revision, very few constitutional questions seem to have come before the courts. How it would work today is another question. That was an age in which suffrage without a property qualification was a mere suggestion of system-mongers; in which the idea of an elective judiciary was still a dream, and when almost everybody who had a substantial office held it by appointment. How rapidly the democratic tide rose is recorded unerringly in these volumes. By 1821 the Council of Revision had become antiquated, and property qualifications were beginning to be lowered. By 1846 the manorial system was swept away, offices and elections were democratised, and the modern period, which was to be marked in another half-century by a growing dislike of the administration of justice itself, came in. By 1875 it was found already that the experiment of a very restricted property qualification in cities proposed by a highly competent commission was not to be thought of. In 1846, people were still really afraid of monarchy and feudalism. Mr. Simmons of Essex County is quoted as saying that he could "tell a man from a feudal region by the very expression of his countenance." Volume iv. is devoted to an annotated Constitution, and among the tables will be found a valuable classification of statutes as they come under the heads Constitutional or Unconstitutional.

Peasant Life in the Holy Land. By the Rev. C. T. Wilson. With illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906. Pp. x. and 321. $3.50 net.

The writer of this book was formerly a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda and Palestine. In his preface he speaks of "a long sojourn in the Holy Land" and an intimate acquaintance with the people. That he has such acquaintance the text itself makes plain, but the length of his sojourn is not stated. Evidently he was in Palestine as recently as 1901, and he refers to conditions, apparently as of his personal experience,

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which existed in the middle of the last century. We venture to think that, so far as conditions antedating 1880 or 1885 are concerned, he has derived his information from others, and that the apparent personal connection with earlier conditions or events is an accident of presentation. The book is in general a simple description of the manners and customs of the peasants as Mr. Wilson saw them in various parts of the country, but especially about Jerusalem. He describes minutely their dwellings, implements, food, marriage and burial customs, and the like. As he points out, the building of railroads, the greater facility of intercourse with foreign countries, resulting in an influx of tourists, the importation of foreign goods and the disappearance of native manufactures, emigration on a large scale, the increase of schools and the spread of education, especially through missionary endeavor, the change in land tenure, which has largely broken up communal boldings by villages—all these are producing something like a revolution in the social, economic, and religious conditions of Palestine. His "apology," as he puts it, for writing this book, "recording the manners, customs, language, etc.," of the peasants of Palestine, is the rapidity of these changes. All that is ancient and peculiar is vanishing, and Palestine is becoming a suburb of Europe.

Mr. Wilson's knowledge and experience render his observations of much value. He seems to have lived among the people of the villages and tents and to have come into familiar and sympathetic touch with the peasantry, among whom naturally the oldest usages are preserved. In many regards, as he rightly notes, the modern peasant reflects the conditions not only of Bible times, but even of the times preceding the occupation of Canaan by the Hebrews. The town dwellers, on the other hand, have been much affected by foreign thought and habits not only now, but at all periods; while the Jews, who have recently entered Palestine in such great numbers, are, so far as customs and religion go, modern interlopers, from whose life nothing can be learned regarding ancient times. For its presentation of the actual facts of peasant life this unpretentious volume is a valuable supplement to works already in existence on manners and customs and to a less extent on the language and folklore of Palestine. When it comes to explanations, generalizations, matters of history, exegesis, comparison of religions and the like, the limitations of the author's equipment and the narrowness of his outlook render his remarks less useful. He seems, for instance, to think that the Gypsies were in Palestine in the time of the Judges (p. 87), and that the Druses have inherited the calf-worship of old Israel (p. 34). Fortunately he occupies himself chiefly with what he has seen and thus has relatively little chance for that sort of foolishness.

The book is simply written, readable, and illustrated with a goodly number of photographs. It gives a picture of the better side of peasant life, and incidentally is of considerable value to the student of Oriental and Biblical archæology, folklore, and religion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abhedananda Swami. India and Her People. The Vedanta Society.
Addis, W. E. Hebrew Religion. Putnams. $1.50.
Ancient Records of Egypt. Edited by James H. Breasted. Vol. IV. University of Chicago Press.
Bacon, Edwin M. The Connecticut River. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Banner Guide to New York City and Vicinity. John D. Hall. 10 cents.
Barss, John Edmund. Beginning Latin. University Publishing Co. $1.
Biblical Dramas. Arranged by H. G. Hale and N. M. Hall. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Bibliotheca Romanica. Vols. 1 to 22. Strassburg: J. E. Ed. Heitz.
Boissier, Gaston. Tacitus. Translated by W. G. Hutchison. Putnams. $1.75 net.
Buchanan, A. M. Manual of Anatomy. Vol. I. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $2.75 net.
Dana, John Cotton. Bookbinding for Libraries. Chicago: Library Bureau.
Dennis, James S. Christian Missions and Social Progress. Vol. III. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50 net.
Des Houssayes, J. B. C. The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Dumas's La Tulipe Noire. Putnams. $1.
Dury, John. The Reformed Librarie-Keeper. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Early Western Travels. Edited by R. G. Thwaites. Vol. III: Travels in the Interior of North America. Cleveland, O.; A. H. Clark Co.
Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. Panama, the Isthmus and the Canal. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Co. $1 net.
Freeman, James E. The Man and the Master. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents net.
Garrett, John Henry. The Idyllic Avon. Putnams. $3 net.
Halle, Ernst von. Baumwollproduktion und Pflanzungswirtschaft in den Nordamerikanischen Südstaaten. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot.
Harrison, James A. George Washington. Putnams. $1.35 net.
Heermance, Edgar L. Democracy in the Church. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
Hunt, Thomas F. How to Choose a Farm. Macmillan. $1.75.
Jennings, H. S. Behavior of the Lower Organisms. Macmillan. $8.
La Rochefoucauld's Maximes. Putnams. $1.
Lucas, C. P. The Canadian War of 1812. Henry Frowde. $4.15.
Oman, Charles. The Great Revolt of 1381. Henry Frowde. $2.90.
Powell, Benjamin. Erichthonius and the three Daughters of Cecrops. Cornell Studies in Classical Philology.
Richardson, Major. Wacousta. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Stowell, Charles H. A Primer of Health.—A Healthy Body.—The Essentials of Health. Silver, Burdett & Co.

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